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December 12, 1956

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 12, 1956

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THE ANTHEM AT THE OLYMPICS

WHEN Australia's gold medallists mount the winner's rostrum at the Olympic Games the anthem played is "God Save The Queen."

Listeners would be justified in assuming that the event had been won by the United Kingdom, Canada, New Zealand, Jamaica, or possibly even Australia.

All these countries chose the British national anthem. Now might be the time for Australia to consider her choice for the next Games in 1960.

There are two alternatives.

Australia could, as does Kenya, which is a loyal member of the British Commonwealth, choose a national song instead. Or she could make a compromise like South Africa. The band could play part of "God Save The Queen" and part of "Advance Australia Fair" or "Waltzing Matilda."

"Waltzing Matilda" has its critics, of course. It is the ballad of a sheepstealer, and the tune, some authorities say, was stolen from a British Army recruiting ditty.

However, the rest of the world thinks of Australia in terms of Waltzing Matilda.

When the Australian Prime Minister laid a wreath in Paris recently the French band played "Waltzing Matilda" because members were convinced that was the Australian national anthem.

As to the charge of plagiarism, it must be remembered that America's "Star Spangled Banner" started its career as an 18th Century London glee club song.

Most Australians would prefer that "God Save The Queen" be retained for solemn occasions.

However, when, as at the Olympics, a distinction is needed, the chosen song should have an Australian flavor.

And—in view of the successes of Australian Olympic women this year, perhaps the music could include a special fanfare for use when the winner is feminine!

Our cover:

● Australia has cheered itself hoarse at the victories of the girls in the Olympics. Our cover shows sprint stars Marlene Mathew (left) and Betty Cuthbert, both of Sydney, with their medals. Betty became Australia's first gold medallist by winning the 100 metres. Marlene came third in the same event.

This week:

● For the Olympic Games we have had a special staff of reporters and photographers in Melbourne during the past two weeks. Color pictures in this issue and in last week's paper were taken by staff photographers Clive Thompson, Ron Berg, and Gary Linney.

● There's a celebrated drawing by American humorist James Thurber which bears the caption: "We have cats the way some people have mice." The residents of Ocean St., Narrabeen, near Sydney, have penned the way some people have mice. The difference is that the penguins are protected. Ron Berg's photographs in this issue show the picturesque side of this summertime invasion highly entertaining to outsiders. However, as we are not wired for sound, we can't bring you the noise the penguins make. This is considerable, and causes residents to take a rather jaundiced view of the wild life at their doorsteps.

Next week:

● Jean Dawnay, top-flight Vogue model, who has modelled clothes in all the fashion capitals of the world, has written the story of her career, and next week we publish the first instalment of it. Nine years ago she was an air hostess, not very glamorous, but with an ambition to become a model. Her early battle would have discouraged many girls, but she was determined and she won through. Some readers will remember seeing her in the 1952 Vogue parades presented in association with this paper.

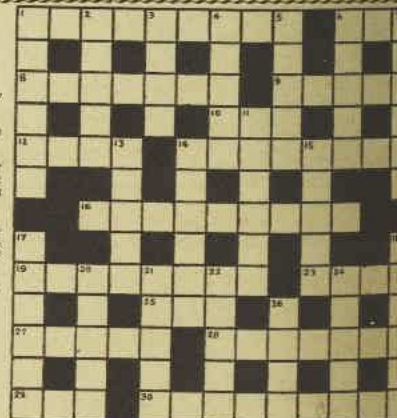
● When singer Elvis Presley appeared on television in America recently he had the biggest audience that ever tuned in to a single show—65 million viewers. Whether they like him or not—and plenty of people are loud in their condemnation of Presley's jungle technique—they are evidently curious about him. A feature in next week's film section, illustrated in color, discusses Presley. The writer of it, Robert Feldman, calls him "the latest wedge to be driven between teenagers and their parents."

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Sweet satellite for recently married people (9).
- Becoming in a fool-proof itinerary (3).
- Consistent with a real rug (7).
- Be on a way to be large across (5).
- Artificial language (3).
- False god in an invalid oligarchy (4).
- Ships are but not on a river (3-5).
- Can I mar Satan? Of course, as I am good (9).
- A journalist may do this (8).
- Mountain wild goat (4).
- Hard but not heavy water (3).
- Cutting parts of the red Gestapo (5).
- They are no good for bookies as they never have anything on (7).
- Boy who may join a fool, a cat, or another boy of the same name (3).
- Rust a seat (Anagr. 9).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

PLAICE STOLID
L S X V A E
O I S T H M U S F
T O P S O B T R U E
A P R O O F E N
H E L M E T L E A S E D
A M E T S P E
N E E D E D A S C E N D
D R I N S E C
B E S T L L S T E P
A R E A G E N T R
G O T E A A
S C A T H E P A R O D Y

- In this he gets the means of control (6).
- Such corn is the Indian millet (5).
- This should open or close a university (4).
- Dreary and belonging to us for a start (5).
- A prohibition turns to what you may say to a goose for a rich man (5).
- You talk if you take it (5).
- Cleaned up, it turned and died (6).
- They hoist a boat or lower it (6).
- Contract letting land mostly with a broken seal (5).
- Atmospherics caused by a saint with a twitching (6).
- Animal with likeness to deer and giraffe (5).
- Upward movement of a perfume (6).
- Set six (Anagr. 6).
- She must be a sticky princess (5).
- They have their jockeys but not on the racecourse (5).
- Dogma from any side (5).
- Be put and encumbered (5).
- The twelfth month in biblical Palestine (4).



SHIRLEY STRICKLAND (above, centre), who won the 80 metres hurdles, with Gisela Kohler, of Germany (right), who came second, and third placegetter, Australian Norma Throser. Shirley's hurdles victory brought her sixth medal in Olympic Games competition.

SHIRLEY'S TRIUMPH

THE WINNER. Shirley Strickland (second from the left, below) streaks past the post to win the 80 metres hurdles from Gisela Kohler (right) and Norma Throser (left). A Western Australian housewife, Shirley recorded 10.7 secs., breaking her own Olympic record.

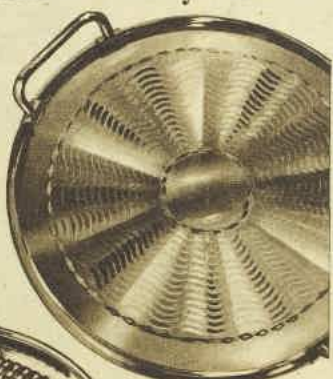




Give Ranleigh

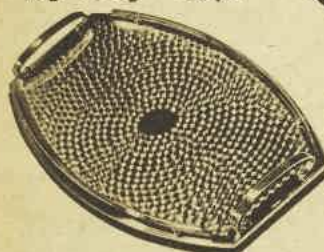
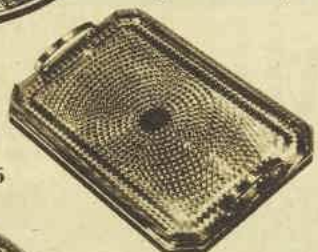
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the most
popular model
17½" x 11" 107/6
19½" x 11½" 119/6



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possession
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RT146

Page 4

"They're terrific!"

● "Thank heaven Australia's got a women's team at the Games," said N.S.W. runners Jim Bailey and Kevan Gosper after Shirley Strickland and Betty Cuthbert won the first gold medals for Australia at the Games.

By NONI ROWLAND

THE way the girls won those medals and made those records topple, they're colossal, terrific. They're just plain wonderful!"

All the Australian boys at the Olympic Village feel the same.

Jon Henricks said, "We're very proud of our women swimmers. We think they are the best, the sweetest girls in the world."

The Duke of Edinburgh, to whom gold medallist relay-runners Shirley Strickland, Betty Cuthbert, Norma Croker, and Fleur Mellor were presented after their victorious 100 metres relay, said, with a big smile, "I thought you'd show the boys something."

The girls themselves, who overnight have become Australian heroines, accept the congratulations with blushes

and a modest "Thanks very much."

"They don't bung on any side," said one of the Australian boys, "and quickly become just part of the team again."

The Australian women medallists find it hard to describe the delirious feeling they have when they cross the finishing line.

"You want to laugh and you want to cry," said 31-year-old hurdling mother Shirley Strickland, of Perth.

"You feel like bursting," said blue-eyed blond sprinter Betty Cuthbert, 18, of Erming-ton, N.S.W., who cried for joy in her mother's arms after she won the 100 metres, the first of her two gold sprint medals.

"You're overcome," said quietly spoken Marlene Mathews, 22-year-old Sydney

sprinter, and Norma Thrower, Adelaide hurdler.

And if you had seen that shine in their eyes, as I did, when they returned to their dressing-rooms after the stirring presentations on the victory rostrum, you'd get an idea how wonderful that feeling is.

They radiate light-headed happiness. They glow with victory.

All the girls say the worst part is the seconds on the starting block.

"It seems an eternity," they said.

But once the starter gives the signal they are unconscious of everything except an intense drive to win.

"You don't — and you shouldn't — think of anything," said thin, wiry Shirley Strickland. "They say if you've got time to think you're not running fast enough."

"You're not supposed to think," said Marlene Mathews, "but you do."

"I can remember during the final of the 100 metres thinking as I vaguely saw the other girls in front of me, 'Heck, I'm not going to be last,' and then sprinting for my life."

"My mind was a blank," said brown-eyed housewife Norma Thrower (formerly Norma Austin).

"In the final of the 80-metres hurdles I just threw myself at the tape. The minutes that elapsed before the result of the photo finish for third place was announced were the worst in my life."

After the girls' relay win, they all said they were a little sorry the Games were over for them. But they were also a little glad because they were tired.

They went off together to celebrate at Luna Park, Melbourne, looking forward to a chance to wash their green-

and-gold track suits the following day.

"We've been wearing them all the time. We'll be glad to be able to wash them," they said.

Marlene Mathews, who collected her second bronze medal in the 200 metres, her last sprint at the Games, was half-crying, half-laughing when she came out of the dressing-rooms after the event.

Not all luck

NONE of the Australian girls won through luck. It was the result of years of rigid training, self-discipline, and the will to win.

The blue-eyed young Olympic swimming teenagers, Lorraine Crapp, Faith Leech, and Dawn Fraser, had to give up parties, dances, dates, and some foods they like.

Like Betty Cuthbert, Marlene Mathews, Fleur Mellor, 20, of Sydney, and Norma Croker, 22, of Brisbane, they had to exert self-discipline rare in girls so young in order that one day they might stand on the victory rostrum for Australia.

Norma Thrower confesses she wouldn't have been there if it hadn't been for Dalton, her husband of six months.

"When I first met him," she said, "he used to get a bit annoyed sometimes at the amount of time my training took up."

"But he's been wonderful helping me get ready for the Games."

"He cooked the dinner and had it ready for me when I got home from training. I couldn't possibly have come home and then turned round and cooked a meal."

Doubly hard

FOR campaigner Shirley Strickland training is doubly hard.

She has a geologist husband to look after, a three-year-old son, Phillip, a teaching job in Perth, and housework.

"If it hadn't been for Mum," she said, "I'd never have made it."

"By taking over Phillip she enabled me to move into the Village and do nothing but train, eat, and sleep."

"Unless you want to be just a Saturday-afternoon athlete, that's what you have to do to get to the top—just train, eat, and sleep."

"That's why I've got to think carefully about whether I will continue in international sport. I have so many responsibilities."

Shirley's blond son was in the grandstand yelling, "Come on, Mum," and her mother was "screaming my head off" on the day of Shirley's victory. Shirley's husband, Laurie de la Hunty, was in Marble Bar.



LONG-JUMPER Willie White, U.S.A. (centre), came second and two friends jumped the fence to hug her. Willie lives with her grandfather, a Mississippi street-sweeper.



TRIUMPHANT TRIO (from left), Dawn Fraser, 19 (first), Lorraine Crapp, 18 (second), and Faith Leech, 15 (third), after they carried off the 100 metres free-style. The three Australian water-babies wanted only that "one of us wins."

Aussie girls glow with victory

Boys say nicest thing is they don't bung on side

AUSTRALIAN swimmers Lorraine Crapp and Faith Leech backed up team-mate Dawn Fraser when she said simply and sincerely, "We are swimming for Australia, not for ourselves. It doesn't matter who wins as long as one of us does."

Cheering parents and relatives in the stands did a great deal to speed on the Australian women swimmers.

Faith Leech's parents were down from Bendigo, Dawn's travelled from Balmain, N.S.W., and Lorraine's mother and young sister were there from Concord, N.S.W., to swell the applause.

"Once I got everything settled and had tickets for Mum and Dad, I felt much better," said Dawn.

The girls were well on the way to victory on the night of the heats of the 100 metres freestyle.

After the three had triumphed in the final and mounted the victory dais, continuous cheers rang through the pool.

Dawn Fraser, topping the dais in first place, was so excited that she kept turning round and waving to the crowd.

Lorraine, who finished only three-tenths of a second behind her and still broke a world record, walked halfway down the Press seats and kissed her coach, Frank Guthrie.

When Faith Leech appeared to take third place, she and Dawn clasped each other and both broke into tears.

Both Dawn and Faith wore old swimming-suits.

"My coach, Harry Gallagher, gave me this swimsuit

three years ago," said Dawn, "and although it's pretty old and got some holes in it I'd have hated to have worn another one."

Faith said the one she had been issued was too tight, and "I just grabbed an old one as I was leaving."

All three carried in their bathrobe pockets the shells from the starter's bullet of their 100 metres heats. The shells were given to them by starter George King.

Dawn is the mischievous and high-spirited girl of the blue-eyed young Olympic swimming threesome.

According to Faith, she is "always playing jokes and throwing pillows round in the girls' cottage at the Village."

"Oh, boy!" said the typically Australian Dawn, "are we all going to have a party when the Games are over."

Men kept out

AT the Village, the girls are enclosed by a wire fence, and the men are kept out.

"After the Games, we're going to climb that fence," Dawn added. "We're going to raid all the houses, and we're going to throw all our coaches into the pool."

"And we're going to have a big swimming and athletic meeting."

"All the swimmers are going to compete at the athletics, and all the athletes are going to compete in the swimming events."

"I'm going to be a hurdler, Faith is going to be a high-jumper, and Shirley Strickland is entered in the 25-metres swimming."

Australians understandably cheered loudest for their own

competitors, but they also gave prolonged applause to the overseas women medallists.

The night Elzbieta Krzesinska, 22-year-old Polish housewife and medical student, returned to the Village after winning the first gold medal for Poland in the long-jump event, she was greeted in the dining-room by loud cheers of "niech zyje" ("good luck").

As the Polish boys say, "She is so very pretty and so good."

America's Willie White, 17-year-old Mississippi high-school pupil, confessed to butterflies in her stomach before she won the silver medal in the women's long-jump.

Willie, who lives with her grandfather — "he's a street sweeper" — since her parents died, showed a flash of poetry in her description of how she felt on the victory rostrum.

"The wonderful feeling I had when I stood on the victory dais and saw my country's flag flying in the fresh, clean wind, the feeling of freedom I had—I'll never forget it."

Another housewife was a proud figure on the victory rostrum. Horn-rimmed glasses and the air of a prim school-teacher couldn't hide the radiance of Inese Jaounzem (Russia), who gained a gold medal in the javelin events.

Inese, unlike all the other women competitors interviewed after their wins, suddenly became all feminine and refused to give her age.

However, when she finally broke down and confessed to being 24, everyone got a surprise. She looked all of 18.

I'd like to award medals to all the women athletes who put up such outstanding performances at the Games.

I'm not particularly sentimental, but my heart went out to 22-year-old Sydney stenographer Gloria Cooke, who missed a place in the 80-metres hurdles.

Gallant loser

A SMILE distracting attention from her red eyes, Gloria stood by unnoticed while bronze medallist Norma Throver was giving an excited radio interview.

"Wasn't Shirley wonderful," she said, when I said "Hello" to her. "And Norma, too. I'm so glad they won. Shirley was terrific."

The overseas Press also thought Shirley was terrific.

A Swedish woman journalist came up to me after Shirley's race and said, "I congratulate you."

When I looked puzzled, she pointed at Shirley sitting patiently answering a barrage of questions, and said, "You are an Australian, yes? Well, I congratulate you for having such a one as her."

I felt almost as proud as I did a day earlier when a Far Eastern journalist mistook me for an Australian athlete.

"Excuse me," he said, "are you Marjorie Jackson?"



ABOVE: Three-year-old Pip de la Hunty with his famous mother, Shirley Strickland. Shirley raced to victory in the 80 metres hurdles while Pip barracked, "Come on, Mum," from the stands.

RIGHT: Blond, 22-year-old Sydney stenographer Gloria Cooke missed a place in the 80 metres hurdles, but she stood by and smiled happily while Shirley Strickland and third placegetter Norma Throver were congratulated after the event.



BELOW: Victorious Australian relay team show their medals. From left are: Fleur Mellor, 20, of Sydney, Norma Croker, 22, of Brisbane, Betty Cuthbert, 18, of Sydney, and Shirley Strickland, 31, of Perth.



MADemoiselle M. LAMBERT, of France, flies through the air in the women's long jump. She was unplaced in the final, won by Elzbieta Krzesinska, of Poland.

OLYMPIC

Australians at swimming pool



RUSSIAN A. Gorchkov threw the javelin 237ft. 2½in. to qualify for the finals of the event, but he was unplaced. The javelin throw, one of the Decathlon events was won by Gil Danielsen, of Norway, with a throw of 281ft. 2½in. He became Norway's first Olympic gold medallist since the Games in 1920.



ABOVE: Lorraine Crapp, 18-year-old Sydney girl, has been hailed as one of the greatest woman swimmers of our time. She has received invitations to swim abroad.

RIGHT: Faith Leech, 15-year-old Victorian, is the third string of Australia's brilliant young swimmers.



BELOW: Champion Dawn Fraser broke the Olympic and world records in the 100 metres free-style, beating her team-mate L. Crapp.



GOAL in the exciting basketball match between France and Canada, resulted in a win for France, 79-52. For eight days, the basketball kept the crowds in the Exhibition Building on its toes. Competing nations included Russia, Chile, Uruguay, U.S.A., Bulgaria, Brazil. U.S.A. and Russia played the final.



ROUND-UP

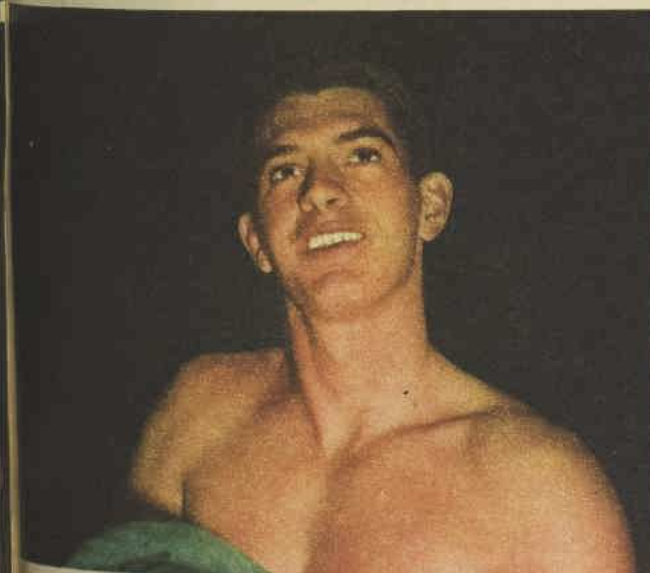
Triple crown to sprint winners



GOLD MEDALLIST JON HENRICKS who won the 100 metres free-style sprint to give Australia its first Olympic freestyle gold medal for 32 years. Henricks' time was 55.4sec. an Olympic record.



JOHN DEVITT came second after a terrific race which was watched by the Duke of Edinburgh. Devitt said he was quite happy with his silver medal and "to come second to Jon." His time was 55.8sec.



GARY CHAPMAN, third in the trio that gave Australia the distinction of being the first country to win all three medals in an Olympic swimming event. Chapman swam 56.7sec. to win the bronze medal.



PIGTAILED Elzbieta Krzesinska, of Poland, is congratulated by a team mate after her win in the long jump. Elzbieta, 22, housewife and medical student did her hair in a bun before the victory ceremony. She equalled her own world record, a leap of 20ft. 9½in., and won Poland's first gold medal at the Games.



THE WATER JUMP in the 3000 metres steeplechase, and competitors (from left) are S. Rjichine (Russia), E. Larsen (Norway), C. Brasher (Great Britain and Northern Ireland), S. Rozsnyoi (Hungary), and E. Shirley (England). Brasher won the event, was disqualified, appealed, and was declared the winner



GUARD OF HONOR for Lieutenant Doyne Hunt, R.A.N., and his bride as they leave St. Michael's, Vacluse. The bride was formerly Betsey Harvey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. A. Harvey, of Rose Bay, and Doyne is son of Mr. Roy Hunt, of Melbourne, and Mrs. F. W. Dalton.



OFFICIAL GUESTS. The Governor-General, Sir William Slim, at the Legacy Ball held at the Palais, St. Kilda, Melbourne, with Lady Brooks, wife of the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks. Lady Brooks covered her bouffant white tulle dress with a long stole of palest blue tulle.



LEGACY BALL. David Ritchie with attractive sisters Jay (centre) and Kay Robinson, of "Cumalong," Dubbo, at the Legacy Ball held at the Palais, St. Kilda, Melbourne. Jay and Kay were enthusiastic spectators at the Olympic events. For the ball they both pinned gardenias to their dresses—Jay wore sea-green silk taffeta and Kay chose white tulle.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



LEAVING Shore College chapel after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Marquis. The bride was Jane Wolff, daughter of Mr. Frank Wolff, and the late Mrs. Wolff, and Geoff is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Marquis.

TENNIS fans will soon be setting off for South Australia, where the 1956 Davis Cup will be contested in Adelaide. The Neville Mannings, of Bellevue Hill, are among those lucky Sydney folk who will see the tennis stars in action.

They will leave Sydney by plane this Sunday, December 9, with Mrs. Manning's young sons John and Christopher Birks, and her eldest son, Nicholas, who is at school in Adelaide, will meet them when they arrive.

Mrs. Manning tells me that they have taken a house at Fullerton for three weeks . . . the house that Googie Withers and John McCallum had during their stay in Adelaide earlier this year.

Philip Simpson will be a house-guest of the Mannings during the Davis Cup matches.

ATTRACTIVE physiotherapy student Toni Field, of Collaroy, is wearing a very unusual engagement ring. Designed by her fiancé, Oskar Siebold, the ring has a sparkling diamond set in an intricately carved golden rose. Toni is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Field, and Oskar is the son of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Siebold, of Dusseldorf, Germany.

THERE'S a gay round of parties ahead for Janice Burchall, of Vacluse, who arrives home by air from the States on December 20. Besides the usual round of welcome-home parties, there will be lots of Christmas parties and then pre-wedding parties for Ann Leverrier. Janice will be one of the bridesmaids at her wedding. Ann is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leverrier, of Vacluse, and she will marry Kevin Sheahan at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on February 4.

DATES for your diary . . . December 13, for the annual meeting and Christmas party of the Garden Club of Australia, to be held at the Commonwealth Bank . . . and, also on December 13, a Christmas party arranged by the Twentieth Century Group of the Overseas League.



OLYMPIC VISITOR to Melbourne Shirley Oakes (right), daughter of Lady Oakes, of Nassau, Bahama Island, and the late Sir Harry Oakes, with Mrs. E. L. Fitzgerald and Mr. Norman Russel at the reception for 400 guests given by Counsellor and Mrs. Maurice Nathan, of Toorak. Cr. Nathan is head of Olympic Circle Committee.

PRETTY hats . . . Mrs. Tom Field's lampshade piled high with full-blown pink cabbage roses, and worn with a double-buttoned suit of fine black barathea . . . Mrs. Gordon Johnson's white straw platter is almost hidden under a layer of white roses.

NOW that University exams are over, students have started on a whirl of parties . . . one of the first was the coming-of-age of medical student Janice Best. Mr. and Mrs. F. S. G. Best gave the party for 60 young guests at Mandalay.

FIVE days after their wedding on February 1, Elizabeth Manning and Gerald White will leave on board Strathnaver for England, where they will make their home in London. Elizabeth is the elder daughter of Air-Commodore and Mrs. E. R. Manning and she will marry Gerald at her home in Turramurra. The young couple met in London when Elizabeth was overseas on a two-year trip. Gerald is the elder son of Mrs. W. White, of London.

Anne



AT THE RED CROSS BALL are (from left) Mr. John Gough, Mrs. Gough, Mrs. Dan Connell, of "Balpool," Deniliquin, and Mr. Connell. Mrs. Gough's parchment silk gown was tied with an olive-green satin cummerbund and Mrs. Connell chose an Empire-line dress of pink silk taffeta. The ball was held at Scott's Hotel, Melbourne.

BALMORAL SELECTS FOR
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THAT EVERY GIRL WOULD
LOVE TO HAVE



WHITE FIRE SHORTIE JAMA

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MEMO TO MEN: Choose a matching set from these new Balmoral styles. She will thank you with her lips and eyes—and maybe even with her heart.



JOSEPHINE

JOSEPHINE



CARESS



JOSEPHINE presents the authentic Empire line, and is particularly appealing to women with classical taste. The treatment in this Slip (79/11) accentuates the bust, has pleating at bra and flounce, and is exquisitely embroidered. The Night (89/11) also features the Empire line, has attractive detailing over the bosom and shoulders. 32-40. Ivory, Pink, Blue. Briefs to match, 24/11.

CARESS This beautifully designed Slip has pleated nylon softly surrounding the bosom with breathless touches of Swiss Guipure. The hemline features the newest overseas fashion—pleated nylon embroidery—to make the wearer feel immaculately dressed. This is the kind of caress that all girls love. Slip, 79/11. Night, 89/11. Pantie, 19/11. Ivory, Pink, Blue. 32-40.

WHITE FIRE The new nylon Baby Doll Shortie Jama makes you look gorgeous in or out of bed, features 2-toned red-tulip embroidery on nylon sheer. The top has a cute neckline of fluted nylon. The panties have elastic in the legs. Ivory, Blue, Pink and Saffron. SSW to W. Only 59/11. Matching garments are available.

Created by Balmoral Mills. Sold by the best stores and salons.

NP20

SENSATIONAL! NEW ODO·RO·NO STICK DEODORANT



WITH ONE STROKE YOU

- Wipe out perspiration odour instantly
- Protect yourself "round the clock"
- Feel fresh and sure of yourself

New, Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is the easiest, quickest way to apply your deodorant. Especially handy to use right from its ingenious plastic case — there is nothing to unwrap — no contact with fingers — no rubbing in. Sure to be a winner with men, too!

Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is completely new — protects as no other stick deodorant can, thanks to amazing new formula giving unmatched triple protection! Wonderfully pleasant cologne fragrance.

SO QUICK! STROKE IT ON — IT'S DRY.
THE EASIEST UNDERARM PROTECTION.

Available everywhere — only 6/11.

Instant STICK ODO·RO·NO

FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN



P161

TELEVISION PARADE

● Channel 7 lurched on to the air last Sunday night with a one-and-a-half-hour variety show that might have been sponsored by the two rival stations.

JUST about everybody in Sydney who could sing, recite, or dance round a maypole was there — with bells on.

Artists included George Foster with, of course, the inevitable impersonation of Mo, Virginia Paris, loads of people from the Phillip Street Theatre, and an unidentified dancing couple.

As a variety show the programme was marred by almost non-existent lighting, poor make-up, crude camera work, and rough continuity.

The Phillip Street players were out of their depth at Epping. If they have any sense they'll return at once to Phillip Street and stay there. Intimate revue is not television material. Even Noel Coward flopped when he tried it.

Channel 7 will beam six hours of programmes, Monday through to Friday from 4.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m., and its emphasis is on live participation shows that will dominate its week-day viewing time.

Highlight of their film shows will undoubtedly be their Sunday night theatre programme from 8 until 9.30, which will show feature films bought as a package deal from London Films.

First in the series, to be seen on Sunday, December 9, is "Mr. Benning Drives North," with John Mills.

Others to be seen shortly include "The Private Lives of Henry VIII," "The Ghost Goes West," "The Drum," and "The Small Back Room." It sounds like a programme worth seeing.

THERE are those who argue that a picture of a pretty girl is self-explanatory. However, the two pretty girls on this page are here for a reason.

They are, for want of a better term, "TV starlets."

Annette Macarthur Onslow is perhaps a starlet with a difference, because you may never see her on a television screen.

However, that fellow sitting on her shoulder is somebody she hopes you will be seeing a lot of. He is a puppet and his name is Nicky. According to his owner he "hopes to be a star one day."

Annette first started pulling puppet strings while studying Fine Arts at the East Sydney Technical College. Since then she has worked with puppeteer Norman Hetherington doing shows for a number of Sydney retail stores.

She made her television debut on ABN's opening night and is scheduled for return performances in the New Year. She will probably appear with Hetherington and his puppets in ABN's Children's Club.

by
R.C. PACKER

MARGARET MARSHALL, on the other hand, is already an experienced television performer. She does commercials for TCN's Sunday night News Magazine, "hosts" a drama programme in mid-week, and does a number of "voice over" announcing jobs for Channel 9 whenever required.

She is also TCN's film and sound-effect librarian. Margaret is 22, English born, came to this country seven years ago, and has worked



MARGARET MARSHALL, glamor-girl of TCN. Margaret, 22, is English born and in between her television appearances is the TCN librarian.

as a librarian and announcer for radio stations in Sydney and Melbourne.

A FRIEND of mine who was working on the hustings during the municipal elections last Saturday (December 1) reported that the unusually large ballot paper for the election of Sydney City Council aldermen caused a lot of trouble for voters.

One voter, presented with his ballot paper with more than 100 names on it, commented that voting was "more difficult than tuning in that blasted television set I've got."

A PROGRAMME well worth watching regularly is the Channel 9 "double-bill" on Friday nights between 8 and 9. In this hour two half-hour dramas are presented — Celebrity Playhouse and Douglas Fairbanks Presents.

Both programmes can be relied upon for good stories and at least one "name" actor or actress.

On Friday (December 7) in Celebrity Playhouse Stephen McNally stars in "House Between Flags," which is yet another drama based on the American Civil War.

It deals with the plight of the desperate Confederate officers who keep two women as hostages in their own house while Union soldiers patrol the neighborhood.

One of the soldiers impertunes the lady of the house (Sylvia Sydney) and eventually the leader of the desperate trio is forced to make a decision — to sacrifice her or their freedom.

The title of the Douglas Fairbanks Presents drama is "Provincial Lady," which is taken from the play of the same name by Russian playwright Ivan Turgenev. It stars

A NEW television development in America augurs well for Australian country towns that are too small to support a full-size television station.

To build and operate a television station in an Australian capital city is a million-pound enterprise. Rates for commercials have to be high because of the terrific overhead involved. This has effectively ruled out television station centres like Orange, Lithgow, Goulburn, Wagga, and Canberra.

However, America has now produced a "package transmitter" which it would be possible to install with all other equipment in a town like Orange for about £120,000.

With a station like this Orange would be able to televise films and live programmes, and in the fullness of time would be able to receive via microwave link programmes relayed from the mother station in Sydney.

THERE are two principal methods of relaying programmes from one station to another. The first is by microwave link, which consists of beaming the signal from one high point to a microwave link on another high point, which relays it again until you reach the second station.

The second system is by coaxial cable, which is a direct link between stations. It looks as if Sydney and Melbourne will be linked by coaxial cable, the route having been already surveyed. Incidentally, when a television signal is not being transmitted the cable is capable of handling 7000 telephone calls simultaneously.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1956



ANNETTE MACARTHUR ONSLOW, of Macquarie Grove, Camden, with her puppet, Nicky. Annette has made her television debut and hopes to return soon on Channel 2.

THE DUKE IN SYDNEY



SPEECHMAKING. Standing behind a table massed with flowers, the Duke of Edinburgh spoke to an audience of 730 people at the State Luncheon, held at the Trocadero Restaurant, Sydney. Mrs. Cahill, wife of the Premier, was the Duke's hostess.

Philip's friendly manner made two-day visit memorable

● Crowds, flags, ticker-tape, cheers, long sleek cars, and the rotating blades of helicopters marked the Duke of Edinburgh's triumphal two-day visit to Sydney.

CCHEERS echoed among the traffic as Sydney-siders spotted the Duke's fair head and suntanned face.

Women who had the opportunity to drop a curtsy to the Duke were the envy of those who stood in the sun behind barricades, or who perched on parapets of buildings to snatch a glimpse of the Royal visitor.

The cheers stopped at the Cenotaph in Martin Place when the Duke shook hands with Cenotaph Custodian Mr. W. Miles, and laid a wreath of white and yellow lilies.

He waved to the watchers as his car took him from the Cenotaph to the State Luncheon at the Trocadero.

At the luncheon two maroon-suited, white-gloved Englishmen rolled out the red carpet for the Duke and his

retinue. The Englishmen, who work as "attaches" were Alf Austin, once of Chatham, and Harry Nicholson, once of South Shields, Tyneside.

The Duke, wearing what the programme stated to be his LS (Lounge Suit), adjusted his striped tie, smoothed the lapel of his coat, handed his soft brown hat to an official at the entrance, and strode into the foyer crowded with VIP's and massed gladioli.

His hat, from "Lock and Company, Hatters, St. James' Street, London," went into safe-keeping during the presentations and luncheon.

Among the background workers watching the ceremony were Mrs. D. Merrall, cloakroom attendant, and 84-year-old Mrs. S. Wagg, who did the flowers.

Said Mrs. Merrall: "I've been working here for 20 years. I can remember seeing

the Duke coming here to officers' dinners during the war years, and, of course, the Queen's visit when she walked right past the cloakroom."

Mrs. Wagg said: "I may be in my eighties, but I'm not tired yet. I came in here yesterday morning at 11, and worked right through the night, with Mrs. Helen Morrison and Mrs. Reg Williams helping me. I haven't slept for over 24 hours. When the Queen came here, I did the flowers, too."

She looked over at the Duke, who was meeting luncheon guests. The Duke didn't look tired, either. He gave a smile and a handshake to each person.

After lunching on fruit cocktail, snapper, chicken, ham, asparagus, tropical salad, strawberries and cream, the Duke went to the University of Technology.

Head tilted back to admire a modernistic mural sculpture, the Duke suddenly found himself holding an ersatz Olympic torch put in his hand by stunting students Dave Graham and Bob Finlayson. The "Torch," made of a chromium smoker's stand and solidified methylated spirit, was swiftly removed.

The students dropped another planned gag to introduce Asian student Philip Too to the Duke.

At the University the Duke saw Mine Machinery and Mineral Dressing Laboratories, the School of Metallurgy, the Metallurgy Laboratory, and the School of Food Technology.

Colombo Plan post-graduates in the School of Food Technology whom the Duke of Edinburgh met are Miss Annanda Gohain, of Assam, Mr. M. S. Choudhry, of Paki-



A FAIR FIGHT between youngsters at the South Sydney Police-Citizens Boys' Club, Redfern, interested the Duke. Small boys, much the same age as Prince Charles, donned boxing gloves and went into action before His Royal Highness.

stan, Mr. V. G. Hatwalne, of Nagpur, Mr. Otto Boedihardjo, of Indonesia, and Mr. P. Quinitio, of the Philippines.

On the last day of his Sydney visit the Duke, accompanied by Lord Mayor Pat Hills, left Government House by helicopter on a tour of the city.

At the South Sydney Police-Citizens Boys' Club, His Royal Highness saw boxing, wrestling, weight-lifting, gymnastics, and judo.

A wide grin came over his face when he saw eight-year-old Wayne Healey, of Redfern (the same age as Prince Charles), toss 21-year-old, 12½ stone Ron Symons over a shoulder with a judo throw.

Later in the morning the Duke visited a branch of the Public Library at Glebe, where he was shown around by Mr. F. L. S. Bell, City Librarian.

Walking around, he stopped beside a book with a bright yellow cover. Its title: "How to Avoid Work."

His Royal Highness held the book up, and turned to the watching librarians and Press. "Any of you people here interested in this?" he asked. And with that, a laugh, and a wave of the left hand on which a gold ring glinted, the Duke was off again, following his Royal schedule.



BROWSING around the bookshelves at the Branch Public Library, Glebe, was only part of the Duke's inspection. Later he saw the library's well-equipped room for old people.



SCIENTIFIC demonstration at the University of Technology. Demonstrator Mr. R. G. Robins (with back to camera) and Professor Myers answer some of the Duke's questions.

**"Happy Pelaco
Christmas
to everyone"**



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SYDNEY

**"I'VE
GOT A
SECRET"**

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MELBOURNE

"We're celebrating our first all-Pelaco Christmas!"

Dad's pleased as punch with his SPORTMASTER
and young Peter wouldn't swap his
TONEMASTER JUNIOR for any 'kinda' cowboy suit.

Mum's new Pelaco BLOUSE caught Sue's eye, too,
she just had to have one!

Indeed they're all lovely shirts and blouses,
so it's Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
with Pelaco

Pelaco

SHIRTS and BLOUSES

"It is indeed a lovely shirt, Sir!"



P158.PPVW

SHE DANCED HER WAY TO FAME

By MARGARET EDWARDS

● Sydney-born Elaine Fifiel recently became the first Australian to reach the spotlight-studded stardom of a Sadler's Wells ballerina. Today her name ranks with those of ballet "greats" like prima-ballerina Margot Fonteyn, Beryl Grey, Nadia Nerina, Rowena Jackson, and Svetlana Beriosova.

IN private life Elaine is Mrs. John Lanchbery. Her husband is conductor of the Sadler's Wells ballet orchestra, and they have a two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Margaret Selina. The career of this remarkable girl, whose home was in the Sydney suburb of Concord, began at the studios of Australian dancing mistress Frances Scully.

In 1946, at the age of 14, Elaine won a Royal Academy of Dancing scholarship, which enabled her to study with the Sadler's Wells ballet school in England.

Later she danced with the Sadler's Wells Theatre ballet company and, in the summer of 1954, became a soloist in the main Sadler's Wells ballet.

Critics wrote glowingly of her Covent Garden performances in "Pineapple Poll," "Coppelia," and "Blood Wedding."

But her first great triumph came when choreographer Frederick Ashton designed, specially for her, the part of Madame Chrysanthème. It was first performed in April last year, and Elaine was hailed as a future ballerina.

The critics' forecast was realised in August, when Elaine became fifth ballerina of the company.

Since then she has danced the leading role in Bela Bartok's "The Miraculous Mandarin."

The theatrical history of this controversial ballet is peppered with "banned" notices and outraged criticism. It is set in a brothel.

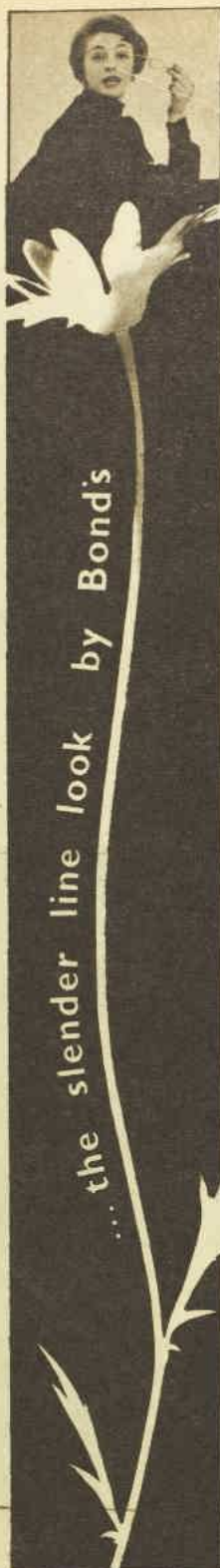
Although Bartok created the ballet in 1919, it was not performed in his native Hungary until 27 years later.

Fame has not spoilt Sydney's Elaine Fifiel who, at her London home, summed up her exciting career: "I can't tell you how thrilled I am. I feel that these years of hard work have been worth it."



RIGHT. Elaine has an appreciative audience in daughter Margaret while playing through the score of a ballet at her London home. BELOW: Dressed for her role in Bela Bartok's "The Miraculous Mandarin," which opened at the Edinburgh Festival this year.





...the slender line look by Bond's

Fiesta for Christmas giving



Fiesta 15 denier, 12/11



Fiesta Pastels 12 denier, 15/11



Fiesta Stretch Durables 60 denier, 21/-



Fiesta Stretch Magic 15 denier, 15/11

Fancy heels available in Fiesta nylons, too. Prices subject to control in each State.

Take the worry out of Christmas shopping by choosing Fiesta nylons. But don't think this is a gift that looks "automatic". Suit your stocking types to the recipient. Is she a housewife? A pair of 30 denier for sense, with a pair of Fiesta Pastels for glamour. Is she conservative? Fiesta Stretch Magic for "something different". Remember—only Fiesta nylons have "Secre-Seal" for snag resistance.

You'll find Fiesta nylons in all sizes, styles, colours and deniers at good stores everywhere.



Fiesta 30 denier, 11/9

Fiesta

by

BOND'S

Worth Reporting

FOUR children whom she hadn't seen for 17 years and eight grandchildren she had never met brought Mrs. Constance Mary Rees from Yorkshire, England, to Australia just one year ago.

"There's no place like Yorkshire," said Mrs. Rees, who is "Connie" to almost everyone she meets, "but Australia's good for my bronchitis. I haven't had a touch like since I arrived."

When she first arrived in Australia, Mrs. Rees visited the sixth of her 13 children, Yvonne, who is now Mrs. John Graves, and with her husband is sheep-farming some 200 miles from Perth. There Mrs. Rees met for the first time three of the eight grandchildren—Mavonney, Robert, and Michael.

Since coming to Sydney five months ago, Mrs. Rees has visited her son Derrick and his wife, Heather, who live at Beecroft, and has met their two children, Evan and Rhonda. She has also visited her daughter, Doreen, now Mrs. Bert Gardiner, of Caringbah, and her three children, Ian, Denise, and Kevin. And she has visited her son Bernard at Ashfield.

But, in spite of her family in Australia, Mrs. Rees has seven good reasons to take her back to her home in Hull, Yorkshire. They are her daughter Betty, now Mrs. Herbert Storey, and the two Storey children, Raymond and Russell; daughter Myrna, now Mrs. Tyler, and the Tyler baby, Amanda Jane; her 15-year-old son, David, and her 84-year-old aunt, Mrs. Thalia Matthews.

"I like to be independent, you know," said Mrs. Rees when we asked why she wasn't living with some of the children she has come so far to see. "I like to see them often, but I like to lead my own life, too."

"Leading her own life" at the moment consists of working as a pantrymaid at Wesley College at Sydney University. "It's not what I'm used to, mind!" said Mrs. Rees. "But they're all lovely people here, and it's all good experience for me."

The job that Mrs. Rees is used to is working as the inquiry officer, "sort of receptionist and welcomer, you know," at the Butlin holiday camp in Filey, Yorkshire.

"It's a permanent job for me now," she said. "I've been going for six years now, every summer, and I earn enough in the four months to keep me going for the other eight."

A "UNION for the Defence of the Pedestrian" has just been inaugurated in France. Anyone familiar with French driving tactics will realise that this move was long overdue.

Members must promise to obey all current traffic laws, and in return are insured against accidents. This costs 300 francs (7/6 Aust.) a year.

We hope they will consider making tourists members at special rates for the length of their hitherto terror-stricken visits to Paris.



"I think it's someone from your hunting club!"

Golf to the fore

A NOTICE seen on a golf course many years ago—"golfers will replace divots, others must"—was recalled to us recently when we watched the Pelaco golf tournament in Sydney.

Not once did we see a golfer stoop to replace a divot—the caddies did it instead. That's what fame does for you!

The tournament, an annual affair, this year had a glamorous atmosphere, provided by girls from the Maroubra Surf Life Saving Club and a Sydney model school.

They sold tickets, staffed the information office, and acted as hostesses throughout the four-day tournament.

Most of them were beginner-golfers, and were enthralled to watch the "big name" Australian and overseas players.

The golfers who earned most praise from the girls for courtesy, friendliness, and easy good manners, plus lack of temperament on the course, were Belgium's champion Flory Van Donck, Australia's Kel Nagle, and South Africa's Harold Henning.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S tip on wrapping Christmas parcels for overseas... give them a good Australian bushland tang by using gum leaves instead of tissue-paper for inside packing.

Civic reception for bells

THE Mayor of Townsville, Queensland, Alderman A. Smith, recently gave a reception—to two historic bells.

The bells were sent by the city fathers of Nottingham, England, for use in the clock tower of the new St. Anne's School, Townsville.

Dr. Pat Flecker, an amateur clock-maker, had promised to build a clock for the new school. He learnt that the bells in Nottingham were for sale, and wrote offering to buy them.

The city fathers voted that the bells should be given to Townsville. Their gesture began a long chain of generosity, and the bells arrived in Townsville after free passage all the way.

The foundation stone of the new St. Anne's School was set on December 2, and the Bishop of North Queensland, the Rt. Rev. Ian Shevill, hopes that it won't be long before the bells are installed in the tower.

Young contralto wins big award

A 17-YEAR-OLD girl, Yvonne Fay Minton, who began to study music only three years ago, recently won the Elsa Stralia Scholarship for 1956.

She is a contralto who lives at Earlwood, Sydney, and is the second girl since 1949 who has reached the very high standard necessary to win the award.

Yvonne, who does secretarial work for a Sydney timber firm, and is a keen student of physical education, did not take up singing seriously until a year ago. Two years before that she studied the piano and musical appreciation.

The scholarship was established under the will of the famous Australian operatic soprano Madame Elsa Strali, and will grant Yvonne £20 annually for three years.

She plans to study the piano as a second subject at the Sydney Conservatorium, almost a full-time basis, and is also considering the possibility of taking a part-time job. In about three years she hopes to go abroad to study.

Puzzle for schoolgirls

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN choreographer and ballet mistress Joanne Priest unwittingly set a puzzle for some schoolgirls when she presented her latest production, "Joan of Arc," at the Studio Theatre, North Adelaide.

Miss Priest showed talent in presenting a 25 minutes' performance of Joan of A's tragic story on an amateur stage in the limited medium of mime, dance, and an occasional brief narration.

To fit the multitude of pieces into a comprehensible whole early in the play she introduced Bishop Beauvais, Joan's persecutor, in a tomb created on an extension to the front and side of the stage.

Then the artists re-told the history of all that led up to the bishop's death. During this, the bishop was left in a tomb and his tomb was introduced another character, identically attired, as the "living" bishop, and he continued with the role until the story reached his death and burial.

"Is the other man still in the tomb?" asked one schoolgirl of the others in the audience. "Or has it got a trapdoor?"

Then the audience saw Joan cross the stage and take the bishop's hand as he rose from the tomb; briefly her burial at the stake and subsequent flight to heaven were reenacted, and the resurrected bishop hid his face in an agony of remorse.

The audience, spell-bound left the theatre but the schoolgirls lingered on. About 10 minutes later they arrived at the tram stop, and we knew what had happened.

"There wasn't a trapdoor," they said. "He poked his head over the side and when he saw us he ducked back quickly. And they giggled."

"What I always say is . . .

When you're on a good thing

Stick to it!"



PRESS THE "BUTTON" for only 3 to 4 seconds and kill every fly, mosquito and insect pest in the room. Mortein Pressure ★ Pak is fully automatic. A sprayer is not required.

Regular size, 8/11; Large size, 15/11

Mortein, the world's most powerful insect spray, is also the safest and most economical to use. Mortein can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home. There is no D.D.T. in Mortein. It does not taint food. It does not stain. Mortein kills flies and all other insect pests faster than any other insect spray known because there are no "watered down" ingredients in powerful, safe Mortein.

Whether you buy a large Mortein Pressure★Pak for 15/11 or an 8-oz. bottle of Mortein Plus for 2/3, you will get the best insecticide that money can buy. So the important thing is to insist on Mortein. When you're on a good thing stick to it.

You can buy Mortein from any chemist or store throughout the length and breadth of Australia

**4 out of 5
Australian families
use**

Mortein

**in preference to any
other insect spray**



● EXCITINGLY NEW and choice of 5 lovely interior colours!



Westinghouse Food-File REFRIGERATOR

A SPECIAL PLACE
A SPECIAL COLD..
for each and every
kind of food

FIVE SPARKLING COLOURS

Five beautiful interior "confection" colours... Desert Sand, Sunshine Yellow, Sage Green, Arctic Blue, Shell Pink... white or cream exteriors.

MAIN STORAGE

Correct temperatures for general foods. Ample provision for tall bottles, sundries and leftovers. "Moist" cold in Humidrawer keeps vegetables garden fresh.

DOOR SHELVES

Five temperature zones... one each for eggs, butter, cheese, milk and fruit... everything you need in a hurry... at your finger-tips.

SELF-CLEANING CONDENSER

Automatically air cooled and air cleaned... this assures continuous maximum efficiency and economy without cleaning by the user.

FREEZE CHEST AND TRAY

Stores 37 lb. "Dry" cold for frozen foods. Freeze Chest refrigerated on five sides for fast freezing and safe, uniform temperature.



SIX WONDERFUL NEW "FOOD FILE" MODELS

Choose your new Westinghouse modern-styled "Food File" Refrigerator from six popular models... from 7.1 cu. ft. "family size" to de-luxe 9.0 cu. ft. automatic defrost "Frost Free" model.

- ★ Controlled temperature zones.
- ★ All-steel cabinets.
- ★ Big one-sixth h.p. sealed-in-oil Economiser Unit.
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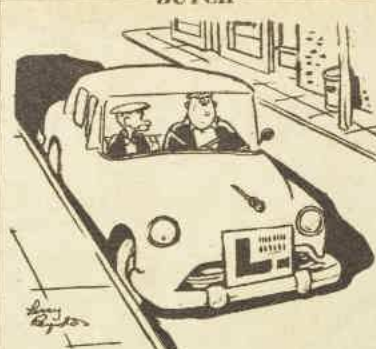
Behind every "Food File" Refrigerator stands the international reputation of Westinghouse—the world's greatest name in home appliances. Each 1956 model is a new triumph of Westinghouse engineering.

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AVAILABLE ALL LEADING ELECTRICAL RETAILERS

BUTCH



"Now if you'll just drive in your customary manner they'll never suspect we're fleeing bank robbers."

MOTHER



"Have you ever seen a Fairy Queen wearing wings made out of her mother's old petticoat?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Dearn

AUSTRALIANS have always had the reputation of being sport fans, but in normal times there were a few men and a great many women who remained impervious to its excitements.

But these are not normal times. The Olympic Games have pulled in the minority along with the majority.

Elderly ladies who had never heard of a swimmer since Boy Charlton can discuss records glibly. Wives listen avidly while husbands explain the difference between a hammer and a discus.

Even the "long-hairs" whose interests used to be purely intellectual or artistic have been dragged into the excitement.

It was natural enough that this would happen in Melbourne, but, judging by the atmosphere in Sydney over the past fortnight, there soon won't be a woman in the length and breadth of the country who can't join in discussions of sport.

★ ★ ★

WHATEVER your view about the policy of the British Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, you must surely feel some sympathy with him in his present situation.

Obviously at the end of his tether in health, advised to rest, he then had to endure the most bitter criticism for having gone to Jamaica.

It might have been wiser to rest somewhere in Britain, but the fact that he cracked under the strain of the past months should evoke some human feeling.

Few people carry comparable burdens. Many are incapable of imagining their weight.

It is true that a man on whose decisions the fate of a nation depends must be able to bear a great deal. He needs far more than ordinary endurance.

His critics are entitled to blame him for his actions, but they need not be so cruel as to reproach him for ill-health.

★ ★ ★

THE high cost of building has meant smaller houses for the majority of people. With this development an old problem has become more acute.

Formerly, with bigger houses, a kind-hearted wife would allot some obscure corner to her husband. This was called either his office or his workroom, according to his interests.

Ever after the wife fought a battle to confine him to these quarters.

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein, when visiting Australia, mentioned something that might provide a solution. Some time ago Mrs. Hammerstein gave her husband a patio for a present. He paces up and down on this in all weathers, and when an idea for a song line strikes him rushes inside and writes it.

Mr. Hammerstein is such a successful songwriter that he could no doubt afford a lavish office in the house, but it happens that he likes the patio better than any workroom.

The plan might be worth adopting on a modest scale to suit the new living conditions.

IF you imagine that Australian shops have thought up every possible occasion on which to base selling campaigns—you're wrong.

There's one used by Americans which hasn't been exploited here yet.

I saw it in a fashion advertisement in a back number of an American paper.

"Special for election day" was the heading over a picture of a coat. "Usually 100 dollars. Now 75."

This puts a new complexion on election days. In Australia one simply never thinks of them as occasions for sartorial display. No doubt candidates go to extra trouble to look specially presentable, but the voters hardly bother at all.

Most polling booths—schools and church halls—would be disheartening settings for a fashion parade.

The one I patronise at Darlinghurst is fairly stark in appearance and when littered with crumpled how-to-vote cards bears positive no resemblance to a racecourse lawn or a theatre foyer.

Because it serves King's Cross residents, it is often enlivened by lady voters in matador pattern or eccentric skirts, but you couldn't say that any of them choose their clothes specially for the occasion.

It has occurred to me that the advertiser may have merely intended to lure customers into his shop on election day. Maybe the idea was to buy the coat that day, not to wear it.

Whatever the intention, it's a sales line worth exploiting. And I fear somebody profitably will.

★ ★ ★

REMARK of the week, overheard from an overseas tourist on a shopping excursion in Sydney: "I can't eat it. I can't wear it. I don't want it."

Before you dismiss that thought as hopelessly materialistic, take a look at some of your travel souvenirs.

Maybe she's wise.

★ ★ ★

A REPORT from Britain stated recently that scientists had found a way to make hydrogen bombs cheaply. With the new formula, kept secret at present, even the smallest nations will be able to afford bombs of their own.

Gas and light and shoe repairs
Year by year grow steeper.
Entertainment, too, and fares—
Nothing's ever cheaper.

The housewife notes, resigned in gloom
How everything gets dearer.
Should a lower price for doom
Brighten up and cheer her?

Will nothing stop the spin at all
Of spiralling inflation?
Cheer up. Bargain bombs could call
A halt to all creation.

AUSTRALIA'S GRAVE SEX PROBLEM

Youthful questioners at public lectures claim chastity is out of date

ON our four-month Australian tour for the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in association with The Australian Women's Weekly we held many youth meetings. Our procedure was to ask for anonymous written questions. The total number we received ran into thousands.

One question that came up over and over again was that of pre-marital sex relations. The attitude taken by these young people was that while chastity was considered desirable in the past, all that is now apparently out of date.

They quoted their companions, books they had read, the Kinsey Report.

This is not just a matter of the way young Australians are thinking. There is evidence that these ideas are governing their actions also.

Australian statistics show that approximately one in every three of all first babies is conceived out of marriage. That is a significant figure. Clearly most of these young mothers didn't want to find themselves in this position. A few, no doubt, did. But many must have tried to avoid pregnancy without success. How many others were more successful?

Deductions from figures of this kind are guesswork. But remember this refers to girls. And it is the girl who runs the greatest risks, and therefore hesitates most before surrendering her chastity.

Whatever be the number of Australian girls having pre-marital sex relations, the probability is that the corresponding number of boys will be greater. I think it would not be unreasonable to presume that a conservative total may include about half of all Australian youths before they enter marriage.

More freedom

It is certain, too, that the number is on the increase. Young people are gaining more and more freedom.

The case against chastity, I was informed, is being presented to young people much more forcibly than the case in favor of it. If there is a case in favor of it, said some young people, those who should be putting it are strangely silent.

I have considered this matter a great deal, and feel that there are cogent arguments against pre-marital sex relations.

The issue is confused because in the past all the appeals were to fear of the consequences. There were three fears, according to Dr. Abraham Stone, world-famous American professor and counselor—fear of infection, fear of conception, and fear of de-

ception. Undoubtedly these fears have been reduced in magnitude today. Venereal disease can now be cured—though it remains an unpleasant business.



Conception can reportedly (though the report requires some qualification) be avoided by using the right techniques. And if you are found out, you won't suffer today the sort of horrors that are described in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter."

The case for chastity has admittedly, therefore, been weakened. Weakened, but not destroyed. Let us look at the facts.

The subject of contraception is a very controversial one from the religious point of view. For that reason it is often avoided. But we cannot avoid it in a discussion on chastity. It is the mainstay of the argument that times have changed. "You have nothing to fear," whispers the boy eagerly to the girl. "Everything will be all right, I know."

That is a lie. There is as yet no contraceptive method that is completely reliable. In certain conditions they have all been known to fail. The best methods are those that require medical fitting and supervision, and are conse-

quently out of reach of most unmarried girls.

Given a fertile couple, nature is hard to cheat. And, short of medical examination, no couple know how fertile they are till they find out in practice.

What this means is that any girl who surrenders her chastity may have a child in consequence. One act may be sufficient.

"Only once is never" is plain self-deception. Surely the fact that one in three of all babies is conceived outside of marriage makes my point clear enough. What happens to the girl who becomes pregnant in this way? Most people don't know. It's all hushed up as far as possible. But some people who meet these girls know the answer. The misery and tragedy some of them go through make a sad and sordid story.

Such a girl has three choices. Abortion is one. Be-

sides being illegal, this is physiologically dangerous and psychologically damaging. It may result in death. It may render the girl incapable of having any more children.

Second, she may bear an illegitimate child. Everyone knows what that means—for both mother and child. Fortunately our attitudes today have softened somewhat, and the ugly words of the past are not so frequently used.

But, to say the least, this is a shattering and searing experience for any sensitive girl. It may ruin her whole life. Unless great care is taken, it may ruin the child's life, too.

Because of this risk, I have come to believe that in most cases the kindest thing to do is to have the child adopted. At least that means he will grow up in a normal home, free from the stigma that otherwise could blight his

outweigh the anxiety with which, month by month, she looks for the signs of deliverance from a nameless dread?

Could any girl who has dreamed lofty dreams about motherhood be willing to subject any child of hers to a bad begetting?

Emotional state

WHAT usually happens, of course, is that the girl yields to the boy's insistent pressure. In her confused emotional state she gets the idea that it is noble to surrender herself in an act of love. This touches a woman's nature at a deeply responsive point. If she withholds what she has to give, how can she truly say she loves him? So argues the ardent young man.

But what is love? Supremely it is consideration for the loved one. What boy who truly loves the girl of his choice could, knowing the things I have spoken of, subject her to such terrible risks? To do so is surely exploitation rather than love.

Every young man knows this in his heart. Some simply don't care. Their mentality is that of the hunter. They make their conquests, and go their way. These are not the material out of which loving, devoted husbands are fashioned.

Most boys, however, have finer feelings. So they cover up their scruples with plausible arguments, persuading themselves first, and then setting out to persuade the girl.

One of these arguments is "everybody's doing it." This was the reaction of many to the Kinsey Report. If, as the report revealed, so many people have broken away from traditional standards of morality, they said it must surely mean that what they are doing is right.

A more superficial argument it would be hard to find. If stealing became widespread, would that make it ethical? Of course not. My own reaction to the Kinsey figures was, "Now we begin to understand why marriage is so unstable, and family life so insecure, in the United States."

Kinsey Report

SINCE the Kinsey Report has come up, let me make some comments on it. I find that it is widely misquoted by large numbers of people who have never read it, and who wouldn't be able to understand it if they did.

I have heard it claimed that according to Kinsey the girl who has sex relations before her marriage will by doing so increase her chances of successful marriage.

I defy anyone to show me any part of the report which says that. I am sure of my ground, because I put this once to Kinsey personally, and he denied that his work had ever reached such a conclusion. Yet plenty of girls tell me that their boy-friends "quote" this to them.

Continued on page 26

By
Dr. DAVID MACE,
Chairman of the International Marriage Guidance Council,
who, with his wife, Vera, recently toured Australia.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1955

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● There is no statement more maddening to teenagers than "parents know best." Nobody believes it until, as parents themselves, they are hurt by their own children's disbelief in a truth so plain.

FIRST letter received this week comes from a young girl worried about a parental decision.

Here is her letter:

I AM 15 and lately have become very fond of a boy of 18. My parents are completely against this boy and many fights have arisen over him. Until a rather serious fight the other night I was forbidden to see him, but now Mum says I am to bring him home to meet her properly. I think this boy when younger was a bit of a larrikin and built himself a reputation. My parents know this and this is why they don't approve. He also has a car and smokes. They don't like this. He is now a very nice boy and I have tried, but found it impossible, to live without him. I hate deceiving my parents and meeting him behind their backs, but if they know he is to be where I am going they forbid me to. Mum and Dad are extra careful about whom I am seen with as Dad has a big public position. Do you think I should meet this boy behind their backs? If not, what should I do? Please help me, I can't go on like this much longer.

"Desperate," N.S.W.

The solution of your problem seems to be in the hands of the boy on whom you are so keen. Now your mother has asked you to bring him home as a continuation of the association surely depends on the way he behaves at this meeting and the impression he makes. For your sake, I hope he pleases your parents and they give their permission for you to go on seeing him. But if they refuse their consent to the association, you must accept their decision. You will be unhappy, but not forever. If this association is the love of your life, it will be better and better than ever when you are old enough to know. But a love against your



A word from Debbie...

LOOKING forward to your first working Christmas and wondering about the etiquette of office gift giving? Here are some tips:

Never ever give a present to the boss, but don't forget to wish him a merry Christmas. (If he gives you a present, that's fine. But it places you under no obligation to return the compliment. If you did, you'd embarrass him.)

Don't take it for granted that you give gifts to all the other girls in the office. Ask tactfully what the Christmas custom is.

If you have a special friend in the office to whom you want to give a gift, be tactful, and make the presentation privately or outside the office.

If any of your crowd are dropping in round Christmas, serve tomato crescents with a cool drink. Here's the recipe to practise: Add three-quarters of a cup of grated cheese to an 8oz. flour scone dough. Roll to a thickness of 1/4 in. on a floured board and cut into 2 1/2 in. rounds. Glaze half each round with milk and fold over. Bake in hot oven. When cold, place a thin slice of butter and a small wedge of tomato in the fold of each crescent.

parents' wishes is impossible. I mean impossible in relation to happiness. Deceiving your parents by secret meetings or indulging in deliberate defiance will only lead to a strained, unhappy home life which will tarnish your feelings for the young man. Keep your fingers crossed for a happy and successful meeting between your parents and the young man. If he doesn't make the effort to win your parents' approval, he is well lost.

"I WAS wondering if you could suggest a way I could earn a few pounds before Christmas. I am artistic and clever with my hands, so maybe there is something I could do at home that wouldn't take up too much time, as I am studying for an exam. My parents wouldn't want me to work in a chain store or milk bar. I am well proportioned, and have plenty of personality and good looks,

and I thought one way would be to work as a teenage model. If this is a possibility, could you tell me how to go about it?"

"S., Vic.

I hate deflating people, but you'd be one in a million if you could walk into spare-time teenage modelling. Modelling demands training, a special ability to wear clothes, and photogenic qualities that the most beautiful girls sometimes lack, as well as sophistication (even in teenage models) that is rarely found in a schoolgirl. I don't want to be unnecessarily depressing, but had you thought about baby-sitting? A reliable girl who can be depended upon is always in demand, and an advertisement in a local paper would be all the outlay needed. I'd try to talk your parents into letting you work in a chain store. It's fun, you make good money, and have wonderful experience in learning to handle people.

DISC DIGEST

On a hot afternoon in 1938 at America's Library of Congress two men sat making a historic series of jazz recordings. One was Alan Lomax, director of the Library's Folk Song Archive. The other, seated at a piano, was the ageing jazzman, Jelly Roll Morton, one of the greats. He had been born in New Orleans in 1885, had been one of the leaders in the recording world, and was then almost in semi-obscure.

THESE piano solos, some with vocals by Morton, have now been issued on a 10-inch LP numbered LDEA.080, and if ever there was a jazz collectors' piece this is it.

The disc is aptly called "Jelly Roll Morton's New Orleans Memories." It is not rowdy backroom piano, but reflective and poignantly nostalgic. Some of his songs, almost crowned to himself, are

deeply moving, particularly so if you have read his life story, "Mister Jelly Roll," which Lomax wrote about five years ago.

As for his piano—well, if you haven't heard it you've never listened to jazz in its pure, original essence.

HE plays "Mamie's Blues," "Michigan Water Blues," "Buddy Bolden Blues," "Win-in' Boy Blues," "Don't You Leave Me Here," "Original Rags" (his arrangement of Scott Joplin's tune), "The Naked Dance," "The Grave," "Mr. Joe," and "King Porter Stomp." As with all Morton discs, I'm getting a duplicate of this: one to play now, one for my wheelchair years.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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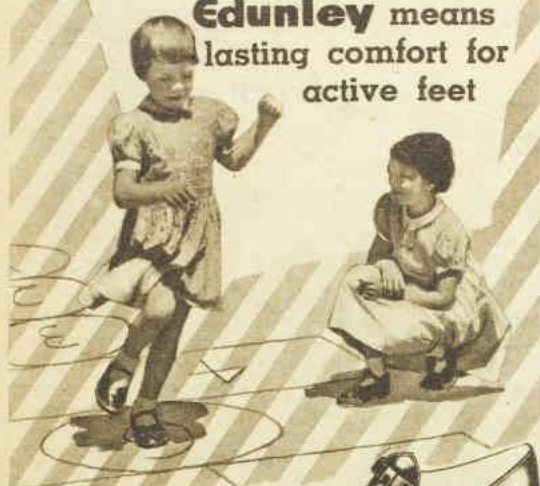
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PAN AMERICAN

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

TO any girl planning marriage, I suggest that she look on it as a new career, just as if it were secretarial work or nursing, and that she study home accomplishments with the same energy and concentration she would give to training for either of these careers. So many girls view the wedding day as the goal instead of the beginning, and are content to drift along afterwards as mediocre cooks, slapdash housekeepers, and dull companions. Until a wife has mastered these aspects of her new job and proved that her husband's comfort is her greatest desire, she has not earned the right to a good and lasting partnership.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Joy, Eumina, via Roma, Qld.

WOULDN'T it be grand if as many people as possible invited a pensioner to have Christmas dinner? Many have no Nannas or Pops of their own. Our seven children don't remember their Nanna or Grandpa, and we will be inviting a pensioner to share our Christmas Day. To save those invited feeling beholden, they could help baby-sit, mend, or perhaps hose the garden. Many pensioners would be so happy to be thus "adopted."

10/6 to "Happy Xmas" (name supplied), Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

THIS might help today's parents worried about the problem of delinquency. When my six children were young I always made a point of knowing where they were going, and with whom. By showing an interest in their doings when they came in, I would find out what they had been up to and correct them if necessary, pointing out right from wrong. I would advise mothers always to find time to listen. Then, by the time the children leave home, a loving companionship has been established, and memories shared for later years. You could call it home training.

10/6 to Mrs. D. Howell, P.O., Northcliffe, W.A.

YOU are always hearing that the children of today are given too much. Perhaps they are. But no matter what the future brings, they at least will have pleasant memories instead of the recollections of longings unfulfilled, which are the lot of so many of an older generation.

10/6 to "G.Y.H." (name supplied), Salisbury, Qld.

WHY is it that a crying baby attracts so much attention in public? Some young babies naturally cry when they are taken into strange surroundings. I think it is distressing enough for the mother to have her baby crying while she is trying to do her shopping and, sometimes, having to cope with other small children, without the added embarrassment of people staring.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Forrester, P.O., Clergate, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

For and against

MRS. NANCY MOORE (21/11/56) wants the opinion of readers on buying lottery tickets. The smugness of her letter appals me. So many are homeless and without hope, and the only thing that keeps up their spirits is the chance of becoming rich overnight. Who would deny them the chance, when they have a few shillings to spare, of letting their hopes soar and imagining all the lovely things they could do with a big win?

10/6 to Mrs. E. G. Johnson, Wamberal, N.S.W.

CHEERS to Mrs. Nancy Moore for preferring investing in shares to investing in lotteries. But can't you just hear the majority of people saying, "How dull!" Who knows, Mrs. Moore, through our "commonsense lottery" we might one day be attending the same board meeting?

10/6 to Mrs. Mary Curry, 55 Fletcher St., Adamstown, N.S.W.

MRS. MOORE'S friends buy lottery tickets at a very small cost and get the pleasure of hoping for the best (and you can't buy very much for 5/6). But they also are helping the hospitals and thereby hundreds of people. Who is Mrs. Moore helping besides herself?

10/6 to Mrs. T. Brennan, 7 Albion St., Katoomba, N.S.W.

Family affairs

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

AS I go to work, the weekend washing and ironing is quite a problem, especially as my daughters of 12 and 15 use the washbin as a dumping ground for any clothes they don't want to be bothered putting away. I've overcome this by saying that I'll wash anything they put in the bin, but that they must do their own ironing. Needless to say, this plan has cut down the unnecessary washing, and relieved me of quite a bit of ironing.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jean Griffiths, 35 Spencer St., Sebastopol, Ballarat, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

QUITE a number of the women competing at the Olympic Games are wives and mothers.

This fact surprises some of our sporting experts.

Doctors, they declare, have made the amazing discovery that motherhood increases a woman's stamina.

It may amaze doctors, but it won't amaze mothers, or those who have seen them in action.

For rugged physical training, running a house and family is hard to beat.

It is like the toughening course they give to commandos, only it lasts longer.

I once heard a commando complain because they woke him at 5.30 at his camp by letting off a charge of gelignite.

But sleeping through to 5.30 would strike most young mothers as a luxury.

The gelignite wouldn't bother them either. They're used to noise.

To see the value of hard training, consider what the average girl is like before marriage.

She is pretty enough, but far too soft.

Muscular mummy

Half a dozen sets of tennis, or a few hours' jitterbugging, and she is puffed out. She can't take it.

Then notice how fit she is a few years later on.

Constant practice in baby-lifting has strengthened her arms.

The splendid exercise obtained in



floor-sweeping and bedmaking has developed her back muscles.

Sprints around the house and roadwork with the pram have vastly increased her powers of endurance.

No wonder Olympic athletics

coaches like to see their girl pupils marry and settle down.

A mother hits peak form when she is in her early thirties, and has three or four children.

At this period her training workout lasts about 16 hours a day.

She has perfected her style in floor-polishing, sock-darning, dish-washing, clothes-pegging, ironing, child-bathing, pea-shelling, quarrel-stopping, stringbag-carting, and garbage-wrapping.

Often she performs in two or three different events at once.

It would be a very good thing, I believe, if contests in housework were held at the Olympic Games.

Australia has some kitchen gymnasts who are in world class.

Mrs. McLinger, of South Melbourne, has broken eight minutes (and two plates) in serving breakfast for six.

Little Mrs. Doppel, of our district, who has twins, is a potential gold medal winner in baby-changing.

Neighbors have clocked her at 30 seconds over the two-lap course, and she was not extended.

Why shouldn't mothers like these have a chance to show their paces?



WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

SYDNEY'S HARBOR BRIDGE dominates not only the harbor but the streets and by-ways of the city towards Circular Quay. The bridge has the largest single arch in the world, but the longest single arch is in America, where the New York-Bayonne Bridge measures 1652 feet, just two feet longer. Sydney's bridge carries double rail, tram and foot ways and six lanes of traffic, 172 feet above the harbor. It was opened for traffic in 1932, took seven years to build, cost £10,000,000. Latest figures show that 83,000,000 people cross it annually, tolls net £900,000, and maintenance costs £500,473. Weather permitting, 20 painters are employed 40 hours a week painting the bridge. Mathematically, under these conditions, it takes eight years to paint completely. This photograph was taken by T. E. Mead from historic Lavender Bay, originally Hulk Bay. It was renamed after George Lavender, who was a Keeper of the Hulks.

(See page 75 for coupon for Wonderful Australia Book)



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RICHARD HUDNUT
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silken-soft and
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Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleanses your hair like magic—yet is gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.

Dull dry hair, limp oily hair, gain new silken beauty; hidden subtleties of tone are revealed. Every permanent "takes" better.

Prove this yourself by trying a 1/- bubble of Egg Creme Shampoo . . . then buy it in the more economical 4-oz. or 8-oz. bottles. And remember, Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos. You will never be without it once you've seen how truly beautiful it makes your hair.

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4 OZ.

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A BOTTLE OF RICHARD HUDNUT EGG CREME SHAMPOO
MAKES AN IDEAL GIFT AT CHRISTMAS

When summer comes . . .



HE MUST go down to the sea again, the lonely sea and the sky—but only for dinner. This hungry little chap couldn't wait for the rest of the flock that gathers for a nightly 3 a.m. party on the beach. Then they return to their nests to sleep all day.



HOUSING TROUBLES begin, as Mrs. E. Whitaker warns off a mother bird for squatting with its young beside her shed. But (inset) the penguin family sits tight till ready to vacate.

PENGUINS at the bottom of their garden

● Spring comes with a difference to the gardens of waterfront homes in Ocean Street, Narrabeen, north of Sydney. It brings flocks of fairy penguins—the smallest of the breed—sauntering in from the sea to take up residence for their nesting season. As daytime guests they're welcome, but at nightfall they head down to the sea for food—making noises that keep everyone else awake, too. They stay for a few months.

HUNTING for invaders under the house, this family is helped by neighbors. Householders have tried fencing and boarding around their houses, but still the penguins come to nest each year.

SIGNAL'S RIGHT, but the bus speeds on. For most people in Ocean Street, Narrabeen, the penguin novelty has worn off. They would rather have their sleep, which the birds' din disturbs. The noises vary from "woo-woo" to loud dog-like barks.



THE MAN who came to dinner takes it for granted he's welcome as Mr. W. Gillanty greets him. Residents, particularly light sleepers, now have to resign themselves to a trying time while the penguins, which are protected, are in charge.



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The Sunbeam Cooker and Deep Fryer brings new taste thrills with controlled-heat deep frying. DEEP FRIES delicious fish and chips, chicken, rabbit, sausages, cutlets, fritters, rissoles, shell foods, croquettes, etc. AND IT COOKS, TOO—it's an automatic saucepan. Cooks perfect pot roasts, corned beef, stews, steamed and braised dishes, Chinese meals, vegetables, soups, etc.

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Getting breakfast is so much easier with the Sunbeam Automatic Toaster... perfect toast without watching—no more burning—no smoke—no wasted bread. POPS UP toast when done or keeps it warm as desired. Quicker—toasts both sides of two slices at once. Toast exactly as you like it—light, medium or dark. Automatically switches itself off.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1954

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heats faster but never overheats. Hot in 30 seconds
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So easy to use, it saves time, saves
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and make it silkier, softer
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Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo cleanses delightfully, rinses out easily and leaves the hair brilliant, silken-soft and shining . . . carrying off every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt and dandruff. Avoid shampoos containing harsh detergents which dry the scalp and make the hair brittle. Colinated Foam Shampoo contains no detergents whatever. Price: 3/9



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What's he saying?

● Weekly cash prizes totalling £100 are to be won in our new "Dog Talk" Contest.

ALL you have to do is write a bright caption of not more than 15 words, telling what the dog in the picture would be saying if only he could talk.

First prize is £50, with three awards of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

Make your entries as bright and descriptive as you can; a saying you would use if you felt like the dog in the picture. To help you, here are two suggestions.

● "I say that was a moot point."

● "You've purred where you should have pained."

Because of heavy Christmas mails, post your entries early, as they will take longer than usual to reach us.

There will be another dog picture and another £100 prize-money to be won in our "Dog Talk" Contest next week.

How to enter

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.

2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon on this page.

3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.



4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 2 will close on DECEMBER 17. Winners will be announced in our JANUARY 2 issue.

5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

"Dog Talk" 2

ENTRY COUPON
The Australian
Women's Weekly
"Dog Talk" Con-
test No. 2, Decem-
ber 12, 1956

AUSTRALIA'S GRAVE SEX PROBLEM

Continued from page 17

In point of fact, the Kinsey Report shows that those who have sex relations before marriage are more likely to be unfaithful to their partners later. And the Kinsey Report, listing all the arguments for and against chastity, actually gives more arguments for than against!

Another favorite argument is that a couple must test out their "sexual compatibility" before marriage.

Of course, people should be physically attracted to each other if they intend to marry. That is important. But their feelings can tell them what they need to know. To go in for experiments could easily confuse the issue.

I have known plenty of couples who quickly made good adjustments to each other physically but whose marriages were soon on the rocks. On the other hand, I have known couples who took years to adjust physically yet had supremely happy marriages.

To base marriage on physical adjustment is, in fact, a very risky step to take. Sex in marriage is not self-sustaining unless it is made a function of the love relationship. If love ebbs away, its physical manifestation ceases to satisfy.

The boy who wants a physical test is therefore humiliating the girl he says he loves. He is saying in effect that he cannot love her for herself, as a person, and devote himself

to making her happy. He is conditionally demanding that she prove to him that she can satisfy him in a certain limited way—otherwise he will reject her. If he really means what he says, he is revealing himself as a very doubtful marriage prospect.

To me, the supreme argument for chastity is the welfare of the person involved. I believe that pre-marital sex relations encourage in some young people patterns of inconsistency and disloyalty which are likely to be repeated later when the marriage passes through times of trial. This in turn becomes the means of breaking up homes. Can anyone deny that adultery and broken homes are closely connected?

Anything that threatens the security of homes threatens the security of children. And what threatens children threatens the highest values to which we are pledged—our culture, our future. I am entirely convinced that if chastity were widely honored the result would be greater happiness for the child. For that reason, if there were no others, I would therefore defend it.

I do not try to persuade myself that this brief statement of some of my personal views will make a great difference. But perhaps it will

indicate that chastity is not the lost cause some people believe it to be. I have not stated all the arguments—just a few of them. I have left out entirely the religious arguments, which for many people are final.

Whether the tide can be turned I do not know. At the moment it is flowing in the other direction. Young people today enjoy an unprecedented amount of freedom, and freedom brings fierce temptations to those whose integrity in this matter is not high.

With this freedom we may have to make some concessions, such as approving earlier marriage. In my opinion the average age at first marriage in Australia is needlessly high.

But of one thing I am sure—we shall not begin to make headway until the older and the younger generations have established some adequate bases of communication about these matters. Youth today is eagerly questing for sound principles for effective living. But youth will not accept principles which cannot be backed by convincing arguments.

So the first great need is to get alongside the young people to hear what they have to say. Then, in the discussion that follows, the way may open up for mutual understanding. Of another thing I am sure, if there is a case for chastity our young people are ready to hear it.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

PERFUME NOTIONS

By

MARGARET MERRIL

With Christmas parties in mind I feel that this week we must talk about perfume. Fascinating women everywhere believe in the allure of perfume if it is used with discretion. Begin your perfume routine as you emerge from your bath. Pat yourself dry and then smooth all over your body elusively perfumed Oil of Ulan, giving yourself, at the same time, body protection and charm. As your body grows warm the ethereal perfume will become potent and surround you with an enchanting aura.

Parisian women have a way with perfume. Never do they apply perfume direct to their clothing, for they know that perfume can, after a time, lose its charm and grow stale. They say perfume should be applied behind the ears, on the wrists, in the hairline, or on the fingertips. And why not touch pellets of cottonwool with perfume and tuck one into your brassiere; the others, stitch to the inside of the hem of your petticoat.

Prepare early for Christmas! Tie scented sachets to your coathangers and use empty perfume bottles to add fragrance to the lingerie drawer.

Be tactful in your use of perfume; use a good perfume and use it sparingly.

Copyright: Margaret Merrill Beauty School.

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bed-clothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOIDS from your chemist or store for 12/6 or 7/6 and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save half-a-crown by buying the 12/6 ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOIDS.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

soothes itching HAEMORRHOIDS quickly!

Are you suffering the torture of haemorrhoids? The DOANE OINTMENT will quiet the itching QUICKLY—soothe and lubricate the tender tissues with special antiseptic ingredients and bring you welcome relief. DOANE'S OINTMENT has been used successfully for over 50 years—and it's oh, so gentle! Don't put up with distressing haemorrhoids any longer. Ask for DOANE'S OINTMENT at any chemist or store today!

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"Easy Living" with Rosella. Rosella Vegetables with Sausages an ideal ready-to-serve hot meal wherever you are—beach, hills or at home—A delicious taste thrill anytime.



During Holidays serve Rosella
SPAGHETTI with CHEESE
CURRIED SPAGHETTI
7 Double Strength SOUPS

Rosella
VEGETABLES
WITH SAUSAGES

Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by
M. J. McMAHON

Comedy team of the year



Bob Hope, wisecracking comedian, and irresistible actress Katharine Hepburn are an unusual, uproarious team in their new comedy, "The Iron Petticoat."

THE film, made in England in color VistaVision, mingles humor with a touch of satire, some sophistication, and a bit of slapstick.

In it Katie plays Vinka Kovelenco, a top jet pilot of the Soviet Union, and Bob Hope is her opposite number, Captain Chuck Lockwood, of the U.S. Air Force.

Together they keep the comedy flying along at a merry pace from start to finish.

It all starts when Vinka takes off from her home base in her jet plane in a fit of feminine pique and is forced to make a landing in American territory in Germany.

The American authorities detail Captain Lockwood to find out more about her and to show the visitor how Western democracy works.

On her side Vinka is determined to prove to Chuck that the Soviet way of life is the only one worth living.

A tissue of international complications ensues. In the end it's a romance made specially for movies that unites the East and the West.



DETAILED to educate the Russian woman flier (Hepburn) in Western ways, Captain Lockwood (Hope) gets permission to take Vinka to London. The trip is supposed to be for propaganda purposes, but Chuck really wants to visit his English fiancée.



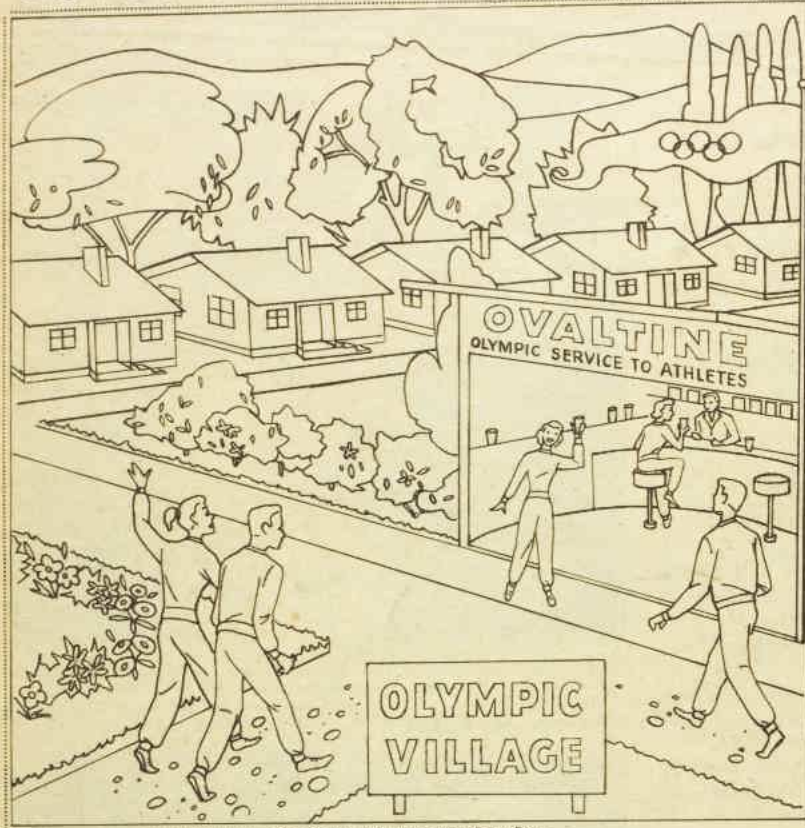
DEVOTED Ivan Kropotkin (Robert Helpmann), left, a Russian engineer who loves Vinka (Hepburn), gazes in admiration as she discovers some toys in an old bookshop, which she describes as "an oasis in the midst of a desert." The film is released by Fox.



ABOVE. Vinka (Katharine Hepburn) cuts a glamorous figure out of uniform. She makes Chuck (Hope) sit up and take notice.

RIGHT. Arrested by the Soviet Secret Police, Vinka speaks up in her own defence when tried for treason by a military court.

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and win a brand-new MALVERN STAR BIKE! or a BROWNIE CAMERA



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25 Prizes of Brownie Cameras • 200 Prizes of Jig-saw Puzzles

OPEN TO BOYS AND GIRLS UP TO 14 YEARS OLD!

RULES: Colour your entry in yourself, using coloured pencils, crayons or water colours. Post your entry, WITH AN OVALTINE LABEL FROM A 1 lb. TIN, to "Ovaltine Competition," Box 3915, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Be sure to print your name, address and age on a separate piece of paper, and pin it to your entry. This competition is open to all boys and girls

who are not more than 14 years of age. Judging will be based on neatness and merit, taking your age into consideration. The judge's decision will be final, and no correspondence will be entered into on this subject. Prizewinners will be announced in the "Women's Weekly" during February, 1957. Competition closes 11th January, 1957.

* In States where this provision is against the law, it is not necessary to include an Ovaltine label with your entry.

HEY! BOYS AND GIRLS CHOCOLATE OVALTINE MILK-SHAKES ARE GREAT

Gee, they taste good, and with all those vitamins they make you feel good and strong. Olympic champions train on Ovaltine; it makes them healthy and gives them strength to win races. Get mum to buy you Chocolate Ovaltine, and have a delicious milkshake every day; remember, you might be an Olympic champion yourself one day.

"SO SIMPLE YOU CAN MAKE IT YOURSELF"

Put two or more teaspoonsful of Ovaltine in a glass and dissolve with a little hot water; add cold milk and stir. It only takes a few seconds.



OVALTINE

THE CHOICE OF OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS

Page 28

Ann Todd beats adversity

• A new, radiant Ann Todd is back in films, bidding to top the British box office again. Illness had nearly extinguished her screen career.

TWO months ago Ann Todd emerged from hospital after a series of major operations. She hobbled on two sticks. The odds were on her being an invalid. Her marriage to the brilliant English film director David Lean had already broken up the year before.

It wasn't a pretty outlook for this delicately lovely British star, who at well over 40 could still play teenage roles and get away with it.

She told me: "They operated twice within four days. The second time it was really touch and go."

"I remember seeing a great white light in my room and saying, 'This is it; this is death!'"

"Yet a fortnight after I came out of the nursing home I started my new film with Michael Redgrave."

Her new film is "Time Without Pity." It also stars Australian Leo McKern, who is now in Australia with "The Rainmaker" company.

Ann has a strongly dramatic role in the film as the wife of a tyrannical motor magnate (McKern). She is torn between the desire to save her son's college friend from the gallows and her loyalty to her husband and family.

Studio people are marveling at the change in Ann Todd after a year of illness and deep personal unhappiness. They say it is miraculous. Terence Rattigan, the celebrated English playwright, exclaimed when he saw her: "You look wonderful! You're 10 years younger! Are you in love?"

She smiled. The incredible thing is that at 45, wearing no make-up, she had wrung a tribute like that from a man who is no mincer of words.

But she wouldn't talk about what had wrought this startling return of morale and



BRITISH ACTRESS Ann Todd, restored to health and good looks after a long illness and personal unhappiness, is making films again. Her fans will count this good news.

health at last. Then she confessed, reluctantly, to a friend:

"I used to take pills to sleep, pills to get on to the stage, pills to quieten my nerves. Now I've thrown away the

By BILL STRUTTON
of our London staff

lot. I sleep marvellously, and I can hardly wait to get to the studios in the morning.

"The treatment that has brought about this change in me is utterly different from going to a psychiatrist.

"These people who helped me don't ask questions about you; they already know. They tell you what is wrong, how to combat it, how to win back your confidence in yourself and in life.

"Their teaching is not: 'If you are well you are happy,' but: 'If you are happy you are well.'"

She wouldn't say who they were, but it's now known Ann is a devotee of a cult which is having an enormous vogue and considerable success in Europe.

The most impressive thing about its advocates is that unlike faith healers they are loath to have any publicity and are reserved about themselves.

And Ann Todd says it is their teaching which rescued her from an abyss of illness and despair.

Her marriage broke up when her husband, director David Lean, sent her a letter from location in Venice, where he was making "Summer Madness," telling her he felt he wasn't cut out for marriage.

Ann said, "What made it worse was that we hadn't parted with anger or a terrible scene. That would have made it somehow easier to bear. After I got his letter saying he must live alone I lay all day like a ghost, shivering."

"I haven't seen him from that day to this."

It was after this that people in the film business began to murmur that she was finished. And on top of that came serious illness.

Now Ann Todd has not only quite obviously regained her youth and health but she has found the road back to happiness.



CANDID SHOT of blond Ann Todd and director David Lean (right) during the filming of one of Ann's best films, "The Sound Barrier." With them here is Lieut-Commander Michael Lithgow. The marriage of Lean and Ann Todd has since ended.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1956

Tracy Granger faces the camera

★ British-born Hollywood film star Jean Simmons, wife of actor Stewart Granger, gave birth to a 7lb. daughter, Tracy, on September 10 in Hollywood. These are the first pictures of Tracy, taken at the ripe age of two months, with her doting mother and father and the family pooch.

Tracy is named in honor of actor Spencer Tracy, a friend of the family. She is Jean's first child and an American citizen.

It is reported that the Grangers (their real name is Stewart) intend to take their baby girl off to London before long to show her to Jean's mother, Winifred Simmons, and the relatives.

But before that happens, each has a film to make for Metro. Jean goes into "This Could Be the Night," and Granger has started location shooting on "Gun Glory," a Western.



MUTUAL admiration is expressed in every line of Jean Simmons and her daughter Tracy in this charming shot.



FILM STAR OF 1974? Tracy, just two months old when this picture was taken, promises to be as pretty as her mother. Stewart Granger beams proudly. He has two children by an early marriage, Jamie (and Lindsay).



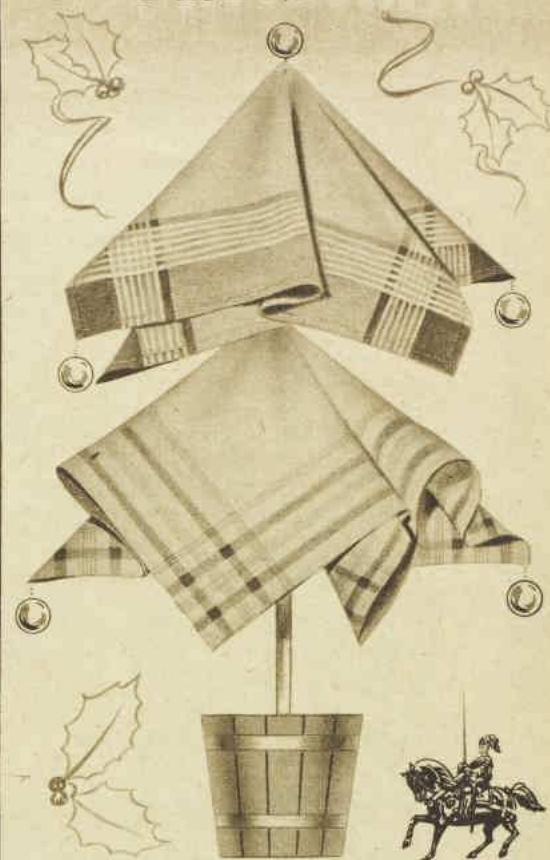
HO-HUM . . . a girl must get her beauty sleep, pictures notwithstanding.



ABOVE. Everyone gets in the act when Miss Tracy Granger's mealtime comes round, even Jean's devoted pooch. RIGHT. Now it's play-time and father Stewart Granger holds the camera as Jean coaxes Tracy into a cute little pose.



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**EVENING IN
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PERFUMES

Originated by
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"To Mother...who never looks for thanks for the hundreds of things she does every day—and we take for granted—"



This Christmas give Mother the one refrigerator she's always wanted... Kelvinator

Put your family in this happy Christmas snapshot. All together... all sharing this wonderful moment... and Mother as thrilled as you've ever seen her! So why not club together to give Mum that beautiful new Kelvinator refrigerator—the nicest, finest gift of all—the one she longs for? And now's the time! The deposit is low, and easy weekly payments have been designed for your budget convenience.

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1. "Space-saver-10 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. 10 cu. ft. storage capacity. £225
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5. "Space-saver-80" ... exactly the same as the model above... with normal defrosting. £166
6. "Space-saver-75" ... a big, economy model, offering 7.5 cu. ft. storage—from top-to-bottom. £146/10/-

(Prices slightly higher in country areas)

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"Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting—exclusive to Kelvinator. Now—you'll never have to defrost again! Nothing to turn on or off. No water to empty. No need to remove food from frozen food chest. So quick and safe, even ice-cream won't melt during defrosting! "Magic Cycle" acts at night—automatically, quickly and completely.



New and amazing "Polar-Sphere" Sealed Unit has enough reserve power for 5 refrigerators, yet costs no more to operate than an ordinary refrigerator.



Special Butter Chest. Keeps 1 lb. butter at s-p-r-e-a-d-able temperature. Door has 3 roomy shelves for eggs, dairy produce, etc.



Roll-out Shelves. Food now easier to get at... shelves roll right out! sparkling aluminium shelves can't rust, can't tip. Easy to clean.



3 Special Ice-Trays. No tugging! Special handle releases trays easily. Also, the ice-cubes pop up... and can be taken out singly or together.



Big, full-width Frozen Food Chest... keeps meat, fish, packaged frozen food fresh and delicious for weeks on end. Big capacity.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1953

WIN BACK HEALTH after illness

Can you honestly say that you've never felt better? Have you the joy and vitality of life within you — or are you missing the precious boon of abundant health?

WINCARNIS is a staunch friend to the convalescent! Whether your trouble be physical weakness after illness or sheer nerves and over-worry, WINCARNIS does wonders for you. Nothing else so quickly, so pleasantly helps you across the gap that separates "being ill" from "feeling well". You get restored energy and zest, and new strength from the very first glass. There is no secret about Wincarnis! This amazing energy builder and restorative, that puts new blood in your veins, is a wonderful tonic that has benefited thousands.

It is a delicious full bodied wine, with a measured dose of Glycerophosphates, fortified with vital beef and malt extracts. A stimulating, heartening tonic. A good drink and wonderfully good for you. Start taking Wincarnis right away—you will be delighted with your new found health and strength. Remember, WINCARNIS makes you fit and keeps you fit.

WINCARNIS TONIC WINE

Sheer Goodness in every drop
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

SO EASY SO QUICK

A family dessert in 3 minutes
Not only is Hansen's the quickest dessert to prepare, it is easiest to digest and so rich in proteins. Serve it often—kiddies love it.



HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS
Fruit flavoured & plain

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Stay as sweet as you are with
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The Deodorant you can trust
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1956



1 IN A PARIS BAR Tino Orsini (Tony Curtis), left, an American acrobat, persuades Mike Ribble (Burt Lancaster), right, a crippled, embittered ex-aerialist of world renown, to return to the circus as his catcher and teacher-coach.



2 ABOVE. Lola (Gina Lollobrigida), eager to get into the new act, sells the idea to the proprietor, but Mike turns her down.



3 TINO falls heavily when Lola turns on him her battery of charm. Before long Tino tells Mike that Lola either joins the act, or else. Against his will, Mike agrees.

Drama of circus

★ The Cirque d'Hiver of Paris provides a glittering, technicolor backdrop for the human drama of "Trapeze" (United Artists).

The story concerns the emotional entanglements of stars Burt Lancaster, Gina Lollobrigida, and Tony Curtis, who are members of a sensational aerial act.

For Lancaster, who was an acrobat in a circus at one time, the role of a once-famous "flyer," grounded by injuries and making a comeback in his profession, is a natural.

Tony Curtis plays the clever young American aerialist. Italy's Gina Lollobrigida is a glamorous, romantic figure.



5 THE MEN fight over Lola and Mike leaves the act. But when an impresario comes to watch Tino, Mike resumes the job of catcher, unknown to Tino.



4 TRIO is a sensation. When Mike discovers that Lola is really in love with him, he decides to tell Tino, but then finds that he loves Lola himself.



6 ACCLAIM follows Tino's death-defying performance. Nobody realises that Mike had goaded his protegee into it or that a personal triangle had been resolved in the air.



7 LEAVING the circus, Mike is joined by Lola, who realises that her love for Mike is the greatest thing in her life. On his part Mike feels content that all the ambitions he ever had for Tino have been fulfilled.

GOT THOSE

fried onion blues?



Quick! the Air-wick

Nice to sniff in the right place, at the right time, but fried onion fumes and other strong smells have a habit of drifting through the whole house. Worse (like cabbage), they hang about until they're just a stale, repulsive reek.

You can stop any smell at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, go to work—give you garden-fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day...



AIRWICK KILLS SMELLS FAST!

Here's the BACKACHE



Where's the SLOAN'S

The persistent, dull ache of a strained, aching back and the jabbing pains of lumbago are quickly eased by the pain-relieving warmth of Sloan's Liniment. Also stops pain of bruises, sprains, joint aches. Just pat it on.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT 2/9
AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET



THE BARRETT FAMILY. Edward Moulton-Barrett (Sir John Gielgud), standing pompously in front of the fireplace (at right), lectures his children for celebrating noisily in Elizabeth's room. The children, left to right, are, George, Henrietta, Henry, Octavius, Arabel, Charles, Elizabeth (Jennifer Jones), Alfred, and Septimus.



SPIRITED Henrietta (Virginia McKenna), Elizabeth's younger sister, is inclined to flout the stern rule of their tyrannical father. Under his roof all are denied lives of their own that might lead to marriage and a departure from the family home.



MADAM, WILL YOU WALK? The courtship of the delicate and lovely Elizabeth Barrett (Jennifer Jones) by the handsome, impetuous poet Robert Browning (Bill Travers) is decorous in accordance with Victorian custom, but none the less ardent.

Hollywood went to England to film one of the world's unforgettable love stories, that of the Victorian poets Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett.

Film Fan-Fare

THE picture, in color CinemaScope, re-creates their romance in its actual surroundings.

Some of the scenes from the production are shown on these pages.

Metro gave Jennifer Jones what is probably her most romantic screen role to date, that of the frail and lovely Elizabeth Barrett.

Hefty English actor Bill Travers plays Robert Browning as a virile young man who sweeps the gentle Elizabeth into marriage and everlasting happiness.

The courtship of Robert and Elizabeth survived many attempts by her strong-willed and jealous father, Edward Moulton-Barrett, to destroy it. Indeed, the lovers were almost separated by his opposition.

In the film the role of Barrett, sen., is played by Sir John Gielgud, the noted English actor, who appears infrequently on the screen.

The screenplay ends with the elopement and secret marriage of Elizabeth and her, Robert.

The romance inspired some of

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's most beautiful poems. One of the best known was addressed to Browning in these words:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears of all my life! And, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.



ABOVE RIGHT. Elizabeth (Jennifer Jones) meets Robert Browning (Travers) in the conservatory. Their idyllic love affair brings happiness into the girl's shadowed existence.

BELOW. Romance of Henrietta (Virginia McKenna), left, with a gallant officer, Captain Surtees Cook (Vernon Gray), is another film highlight. The father tries to thwart it.



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PYRAMID REGD

for men and women...

CHIC REGD

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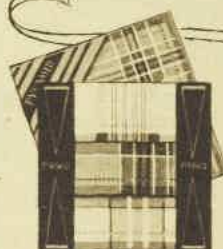


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Singly or by threes in transparent wraps or bright Christmas packs.

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Page 34

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1956

HOBBS

To be

to be

to be

to be

to be

to be

Send for a Doctor

by
**RUDOLPH
TAYLOR**

CARMEN EAST wore matador pants, a bare midriff, and mauve-pink fingernails. She gasped. Gasping was Carmen's specialty. Some people said Carmen practised gasping.

"FFFabulous, honey, fabulous!" Her hands clutched theatrically at her face and she stared at June through her fingers. "You SOLD it? You mean somebody actually PAID MONEY for your painting?"

"Yes." June's cheeks were pink with pleasure as she nodded excitedly. "The studio just rang. They said—"

"But, June, how fab! How utterly FAB! Your first painting a success! Your first exhibit!" She leapt from the lounge and bounced to the telephone. "I'm going to ring up and tell EVERYBODY!"

June McBride sat and watched her. Ever since the studio had telephoned about the sale she had forgotten all her troubles and worries. After all, it was only three months since she had come to the city and begun attending art classes and it was quite an achievement to sell a painting at the first attempt—

"JUNE!" Carmen gasped right across the room. "June, I've had the most fabulous idea! We'll throw a party to celebrate! Tonight! Here! And we'll invite all the gang—EVERYBODY!"

"Oh, Carmen." June's troubles bounded back. "Do you really think we should?"

"Of course! We'll have a wonderful party! Everyone will be crazy to come! We'll ring Hermann and Lulu, and Ziggy and Angel, and Chuck and The Witch, and . . ." She was already dialling.

June turned her head and the corners of her mouth dropped. She liked parties. She was young and healthy and had red blood in her veins like other girls and parties stood high on her list of good things to do. But a party cost money and right now she could hardly afford the phone calls.

When she had come south from Greasy River three months ago she had brought her savings. And this party tonight, she knew, would clean out what little was left of them. These artists and students and people she had met through Carmen ate and drank like criminals on the run.

And, for all she knew, perhaps they were. "Ohhh! Scrumptious!" Carmen was doing a big trade on the phone. "Of course—bring them all! Well, bring your dog, too! A St. Bernard? Oh, fffabulous!"

June exchanged a smile with her girl-friend and tried to look enthusiastic. It took effort.

If only she could begin her three months in the city all over again. In the first place, this flat was far beyond her budget. And clothes. She had fallen victim to the smartly displayed costumes and slacks and frocks and shoes in the city shop windows.

Worst of all, she had told everyone she met that her parents were wealthy. Which they were not. She had done this to impress, and impressed people had stormed her flat, taken her food, broken her glassware, and sat on her gramophone records.

Briefly, in the excitement of living in the city, of meeting new people, of being away from home for the first time in her life, she had become carried away. And now, her savings gone, the Northern Express would carry her back.

Tonight's party would not be a celebration, but a send-off . . .

"Yes, Blinky, of course we'll have champagne to toast June! Don't forget a thing except yourself! Tell

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ILLUSTRATED BY
THEO BATTEN



"June's pictures are regarded as being highly expressive," Carmen hurled at the bemused Henry while June shrank shyly away.

MODERN WOMEN



Gathered skirt and a mantelet collar in a polka dot frock.

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PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON
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By **DAVID BEATY**

THE PROVING FLIGHT

TO the surprise and delight of SIR JAMES JOLIFFE, dynamic chairman of Air Enterprise Limited, the company's new giant airliner Emperor Able Dog is warmly praised by American newspapers when she reaches New York on her transatlantic proving flight from London.

Actually, the aircraft had nearly come to disaster over Labrador, and Sir James is inwardly badly worried, as neither the pilots, ANDREW BELLAMY and CHARLES CAVENDISH, nor the engineer, RAWLINGS, know what caused the trouble. CRUTTWELL, who designed the Emperor's engine, and EASTLAKE, the air-frame designer, are equally mystified about it.

Other crew members are DOUTHWAITE, the navigator;

HOOPER, the radio officer; chief steward HAMILTON; and the hostesses, ANGELA KNIGHT and LALETTE GREENACRES; while Sir James has with him UNDER-SECRETARY BROCKLEHURST; future line manager PAYTON; public relations officer RILEY, and DR. ENDERBY-BROWNE, the company doctor.

Some of the Emperor's complement had been tense or bitter since the start of the flight. The pilots resent one another; the designers are jealous of each other's work; and the hostesses are competing for Bellamy's attention. Now everyone is anxious about the mysterious trouble, but Sir James, determined to maintain the flight's schedule at all cost, forbids mention of it and orders the designers to locate it. NOW READ ON:

SIR JAMES JOLIFFE gazed round his suite at the Air Enterprise men on his payroll — the Emperor's crew; Riley, the public relations officer; Payton, the tentative Line Manager; Dr. Enderby-Browne — and said, "Well . . . now."

He rubbed his hands together vigorously as though he was hoping to create fire by friction, to envelop them all in a great warmth of enthusiasm.

None came. He tried again. "Now I regard all of you," he said, "as potential salesmen." His eyes travelled over to the two stewardesses, the blonde and the brunette sitting side by side on the sofa, and they brightened perceptibly as he added, "And potential saleswomen."

After they had arrived he had put a glass of sherry into everyone's hand. Then he came straight to the point. There was no need, he had said, to tell them that now was not the time to talk to anyone who was not a fellow traveller of the little spot of this and that which had occurred over Labrador, and which at this very moment was being rectified.

"So they've found the trouble, sir?" Riley had asked, but he remained unanswered as Sir James proceeded to point out to them the Emperor's triumph in America. After an advance like this had been made (he was speaking to them like a General), the important thing was the follow-up.

Nobody said anything. In a dignified professional silence they peered mistrustfully into their sherry as though searching it for grains of poison.

"Now don't get the idea," he said to them, "that I'm asking you to go round from door to door peddling brushes."

There was a rustle of polite laughter.

"Since this morning's great publicity in the papers," he went on, "invitations have been pouring in to me. To make appearances on the radio, on television. To meet politicians . . . the Press . . . business organisations. I shall do my best to attend as many of them as I can. But obviously, in the limited time available, I can't go to them all. And that"

— he leaned towards them with his never-failing smile — "is where you come in."

He had worked it all out before they arrived—who was going where, and why. But now, after what his eyes had taken in on their inspection round the room, there was a last-minute alteration to the command decision.

On the flight over the Chairman had certainly noticed among the smartly uniformed men on board the undoubted prettiness of both Miss Knight and Miss Greenacres. Now, with everyone out of flying fancy-dress, the contrast between a smart green frock and a plain red woollen dress against a background of brown suits and black suits and grey flannel trousers was more marked and much more flattering.

A pretty face could sell anything, couldn't it? Cigarettes, whisky, toothpaste, books, and cars. There was no reason on earth, especially in America, why it shouldn't help to sell Emperors, too.

His brain ticking over in double-quick time, he made eleventh-hour changes to the battle-order, withdrawing the men a fraction and promoting the girls to the front of the firing-line.

"Now let me see . . . the American Aeronautical dinner. I shall be going there." The Chairman looked over to the prospective Line Manager, whose position in the plans remained unaltered as Little Sir Echo, the knight's page. "With Captain Payton. Likewise the aircraft manufacturers' do. The Under-Secretary may be coming with us, he may not. It all . . . depends. Mr. Eastlake and Mr. Cruttwell may be able to attend various technical functions"—in his thoughts he saw them with their coats off, still working in the hangar at Idelwild—"it all depends again."

"However"—and he included them all in a beam, chockfull of trust and confidence—"I am lucky to have you always available. And now"—he picked up a piece of paper and made lightning alterations to it—"I am ready to read out a list of names and times



and places if you would be good enough to note down the ones that concern you."

With Enderby-Browne, Joliffe did preserve a certain face-saving impression of free speech and free will: "I wondered, doctor, whether you could possibly fit in tea tomorrow with the Daughters of the American Air?"

The physician bowed his head.

And with Cavendish, the Chairman remained tactfully considerate. It would be a pity, wouldn't it, if the American missed having a radio interview with one of Britain's pioneer airmen? And the idea had struck him (the sort of novelty New Yorkers liked) of having the most senior captain of Air Enterprise make a TV appearance with one of the most junior employees, Miss Knight—air experience and air youthfulness side by side, so to speak, if Captain Cavendish could see his point.

The iron-grey moustache in front of the mask-like face seemed to twitch at affirmative.

But for the rest of them it was orders Rawlings and Hooper would attend a rally of Air Scouts in Central Park. Douthwaite and Seawood would help each other out at a reception given by aircraft-instrument manufacturers. Hamilton would go to a dance held by the American Customs and Immigration people. Bellamy would be present on his own at a meeting of American pilots.

There were other functions which he listed to fit names he read out. But the two most important ones he kept till last. He would have liked to have attended them both, but unfortunately



Swept off by Isherwood, Lalette was soon a centre of attraction, while Bellamy watched in growing irritation.

they clashed with the coveted invitation to attend the American aircraft manufacturers' party—which he had decided after considerable thought was just that jot more important.

The question was—who to send in his place?

He glanced across at Bellamy. The man was keeping extraordinarily quiet, content with his lot of having to contribute nothing to the negative atmosphere of the audience. Lying low, no doubt, for the slightly sardonic look on his face seemed to say plainly to the Chairman . . . well, you've got us into this, and now I've got to get you out.

"And there are two other functions," Sir James said. "Rather important ones. The Air League's gathering. And our manager's party for the American Press. To this last, of course, since he will know so many of his colleagues there, Mr. Riley will be one of the guests who must go. But I've been thinking that it might be an excellent idea."

He gave the appearance of musing, but he had as a matter of fact already made up his mind. He had taken rather a fancy to Lalette Greenacres on the way over. Rather more than the other girl, she seemed to possess life and an attractive initiative. He had noticed how she altered her approach to her various passengers: the way she had tactfully kept Riley rather shorter of whisky than he really liked.

She would, he decided, do very well for both of them—as a lightener to Bellamy at the aircraft manufacturers' party, and as a beautiful influence on Riley, let loose among his fellow journalists.

He confided in them his excellent idea.

Bellamy appeared to take the news indifferently. But Riley looked pleased, and so it seemed was the girl. She smoothed her hand over her skirt and looked across at Bellamy, and the Chairman saw a half-smile curl round her rather nice lips.

"Has anyone any other suggestions to make?"

Sir James gazed round his suite again. But there they all sat, exactly as they had sat when they first came into the room. The only difference was—they had all finished their sheries.

"Well, that's the lot, then." He was dismissing them now. "Oh . . . one more thing! I know the ladies"—and he nodded graciously at the girls—"dislike regimentation in their dress. And I think it would be a shame if Air Enterprise's feminine contribution to colorful gatherings was just dark blue. But it would be better"—he was protecting his other aircrew, if they did but know it, with the only battle-armor he could: superbly cut cloth, brass buttons, and gold wings—"best"—he corrected himself, lest they failed to realise that this was in effect an order—"if the men attended their various functions in uniform."

A few minutes later, from his window, he watched them all spill out of the hotel entrance into the bustle of Fifth Avenue. Seeds, he thought, English seeds, sown by himself all over New York to reap a hopeful dollar harvest.

His eyes watched Hooper, Rawlings, Seawood, and Douthwaite, lost in serious grumbling about the functions they had to go to, disappear into the Snack Bar on the other side of the street. There, far away from his ears, Hooper studied the menu and remarked, "Making a fair old song and dance, isn't he?"

"One thing," Rawlings said, "is as plain as the nose on your face."

"And what's that, Red?" Hooper asked. "He's had the undercarriage fixed. He's landed himself all this hoo-ha over here. He's going to go!"

Seawood said comfortably, "He can't . . . if the aircraft's unserviceable."

"You can bet your sweet life he would . . . if he could get Bellamy to take it!"

"Which he won't be able to do," Douthwaite said.

"No . . . he won't. Bellamy may be a lot of things . . . but he's not a fool." Rawlings paused for a moment and surveyed his audience. "There's one thing we can do, though."

Hooper again asked his favorite question. "And what's that, Red?"

"Claim Emperor operational pay! That aircraft's still in the development stages . . . we know that now. We've got an excellent case for a test-technicians' bonus!"

The waitress arrived, and they ordered coffee and doughnuts. A silence fell over them as they considered the engineer's words,

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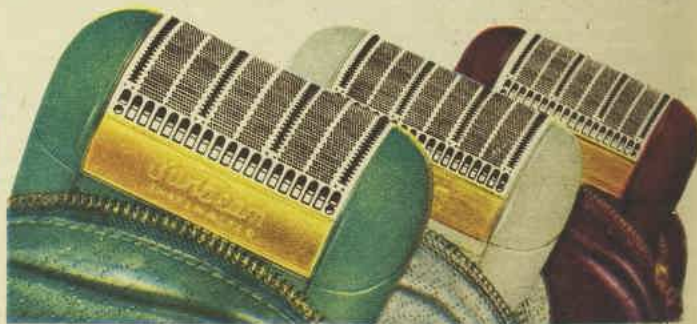
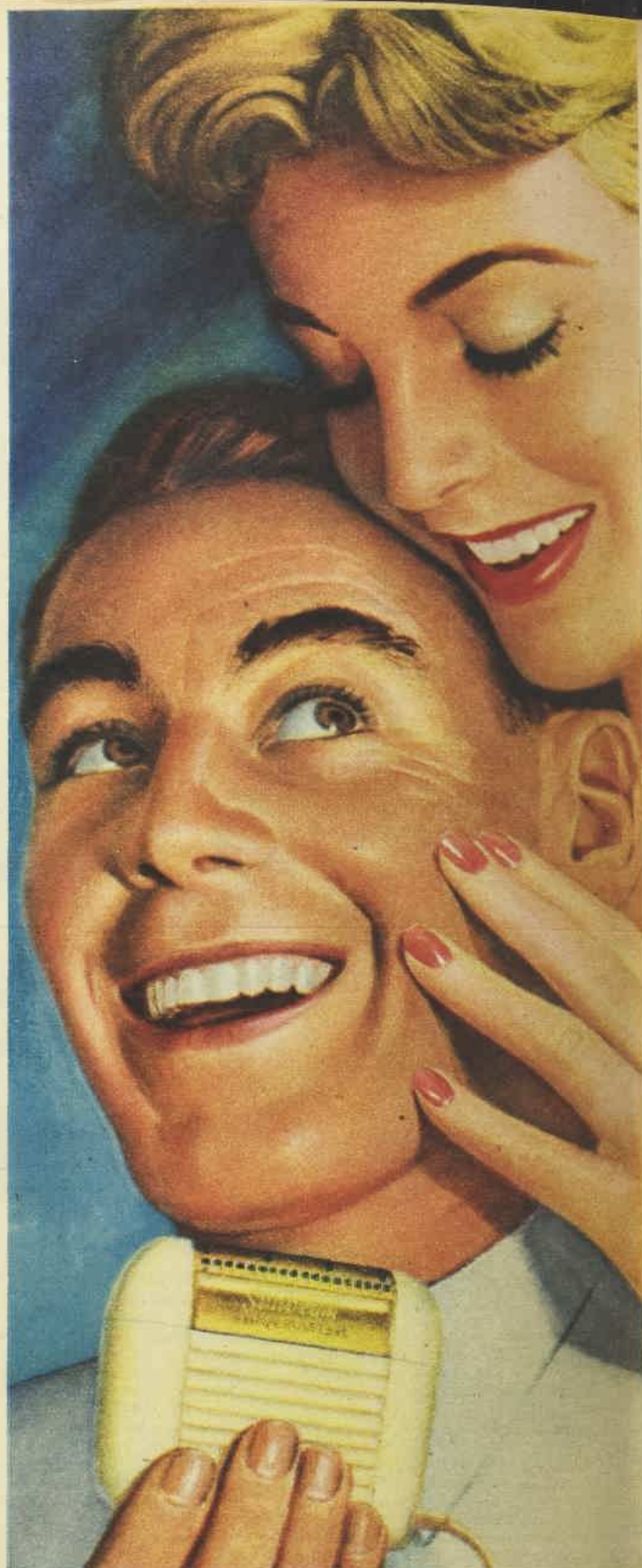
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A DAY TO REMEMBER

Appealing short story complete on this page

By LOUISE W. CHRISTOPHER

It was a Saturday in June. The tall soldier and the brunette in the smart brown suit, wearing the white orchids, strolled hand in hand down Fifth Avenue. The crowd of early-afternoon shoppers rushed by like a tidal wave, leaving them behind in its wake.

The girl looked up at Saint Patrick's towering into the cloudless blue sky. "Church weddings are nice," she said dreamily.

The soldier chuckled. "Naturally, parading down an aisle is not new to you, but I'd rather elope. Why do girls always want a show?"

"A wedding's more than a show." Her smiling brown eyes challenged his blue ones.

He grinned. "I'll say. The last one I went to was an extravaganza." Her laughter was soft and silvery.

Dropping her hand, he examined his watch. "Leave's about over. Not much more time before the train takes off for camp."

"But we don't have to hurry; your bags are already checked at Grand Central." Her eyes were adoring. "Let's just walk."

"I've begun to think," said the soldier, completely serious, as they waited for the green light, "this leave has meant almost as much to you as it has to me."

She squeezed his arm. There was a new brightness in her brown eyes. "I love you," she said softly.

The soldier gripped her hand tightly as they sauntered on. Then, haring his closely cropped head, he bent to examine the modest ring on the third finger of her left hand. The girl's lips were not far from his own.

"I haven't kissed you for an hour," he whispered.

"And why not?" The girl dimpled. "I guarantee no one would notice."

As an old man smiled at them, she slipped her hand through the soldier's arm and drew him into a shadowed arcade.

"I can't believe it's us," he said, "that all this has happened since—"

"Since the day you saw me in front of the model agency?" The girl reached around his neck and kissed him impulsively.

He held her tight a moment. "No wonder I proposed a week later." A smile crinkled the corners of his mouth. "I feel eyes staring, honey. Let's go to the park where I can kiss you properly."

Out in the sun again she steered him towards a store window. "Look," the girl said and pressed her nose to the glass. "The whole bridal party!" She added impishly, "Even you."

The soldier shielded his eyes to see better.

She pointed to the white-coated figure of a groom. "Darling, I wonder if I'd recognise you in that."

Amused, he wrinkled his fore-



"You do like me in it?" she whispered, while the soldier stared as though afraid she might suddenly vanish.

head. "Haven't you heard? Men don't like all that folderol."

A comical expression of worry crossed her face. "As your wife, I intend to prove how practical I am."

"You don't have to wait. You can begin now."

She sighed. "That gorgeous bride—mm."

"A J.P. can tie the knot just as tight," he said, taking her hand. "But something's missing."

"Come on, honey," he said. "There's that park behind the library."

As she turned slowly from the window she adjusted the pin in her orchids.

"Wouldn't you like to see me in a dress like that, all tulle-y?"

"Sure, oh sure, but I like you better in this." He fingered the girl's wool suit. "What color is it, Brown?"

An odd wistfulness colored the girl's voice. "Burnt sienna, really."

The soldier consulted his watch again. "Let's cross here. Only an hour and a quarter left now. Let's make the most of it."

"Yes," said the girl, drawing him towards the store entrance. "Let's make the most of it." The soldier's expression was bewildered. "If you love me, please, this once—just this once—let me do something a little crazy."

His eyebrows lifted in inquiry.

"Come on," she said.

He was frowning. "But, honey—"

"It won't take fifteen minutes."

They were in the store now. "Please."

By the time they stepped out of the elevator the soldier's mild protests verged on irritability. The girl teased, "You're acting like a married man already."

In the French Salon the elderly clerk approached them like a motherly hostess at an afternoon tea. He grabbed the girl's arm. "You can't mean—" he began.

"A bridal outfit," said the girl firmly. "I'd like to try one on."

The soldier gave an embarrassed laugh, but the girl paid no attention and spread her jacket over the satin divan so as not to crush the orchids. Then she followed the clerk into an inner room shielded from view by a gold-lacquered screen.

Gingerly he sat on the divan and emptied his wallet. "Two hundred," he muttered ruefully. He looked at the orchids lying beside him, so virgin white against the dark jacket, and the tension smoothed from his face.

When the elderly clerk stepped from behind the screen he started visibly and got to his feet. The woman smiled, bowed slightly, and extended her hand like a fairy godmother who has produced the princess.

The girl turned towards him, illusive in white satin and drifting clouds of tulle. As her lips formed a smile, he stared as if she might suddenly vanish; his whisper was inaudible. Even the fairy godmother's blatant remark, "It sure is a perfect fit," failed to dispel this electric moment.

The girl had eyes only for the soldier. She whispered, "You do like me in it?"

"I never dreamed—"

She came towards him, and their hands gripped tightly as if expressing something words couldn't say.

"Every bride," the girl told him, "whether in rags or riches, has to see that look in her husband's eyes—once." Her voice was strangely tender. "Now I've seen it I'm satisfied."

"Say," interrupted the clerk, "you're the model who wore this same outfit in our fashion show." As the girl nodded almost guiltily, the older woman looked pleasantly amused and licked the tip of her pencil. "Charge or cash?"

The girl laughed shakily. "Oh, I can't afford to buy anything."

The older woman seemed to shake off her surprise. She smiled indulgently; her fingers were busy with pencil and paper. "To you only one hundred and eighty-five."

The soldier's eyes mirrored distress. He reddened as he drew out his wallet. "We can still—" he began. Then even more earnestly, "But I want you to have it."

The girl shook her head, while over her face spread the radiance of love and pride. "Thank you,

thank you forever, darling, for wanting to." Her voice became matter of fact: "I'll change now. Be ready in a jiff."

She reached for her suit jacket lying across the divan, then handed the largest white orchid to the clerk. "For my bridesmaid," she said, smiling and answering the clerk's questioning glance.

"I just wanted my husband to see me dressed the way I might have been. You see, there was so little time that we were married yesterday—by a justice of the peace."

(Copyright)

GUESTS FOR DINNER

It was the time of the day I had always thought Cannes looked its loveliest. The view from the terrace of the hotel was superb, with the last of the sun's rays glowing above the Esterel Mountains—turning the range into purple and the warm Mediterranean into an oil-pink.

The lights came on around the crescent of Cannes Bay and the small cafes began to fill up with their first clients for aperitifs.

I was alone on the terrace—except for a few waiters who carried on whispered conversations in small groups.

It was early in the season—the first week in May—but already the warmth of the atmosphere gave promise of the dazzling sunny days to come. I sat well out on the terrace, with my back to the hotel and my rich patient within.

This was not the first time my rich patient, a retired chairman of countless boards, had summoned me from Harley Street—all expenses and a fat fee readily, even anxiously, paid at the first sign of something untoward in his well-upholstered interior. So here I was once more enjoying a few days of delightfully unexpected vacation in my beloved Cannes.

I was in the act of lighting a cigarette when I caught sight of one of "them" walking along the front opposite. My practised eye registered that the attributes and characteristics were as usual. The shabby clothes, the unseeing, vacant stare, the rather fast but purposeless walk. Another "untouchable" of the civilised world.

In every city, in every country I had ever visited there was at least one of "them." Some were old, some young; some male, some female.

They were not beggars—nor were they tramps or hoboes. They kept to themselves, silent and mysterious, wrapped in their own unfathomable thoughts, outcasts apparently from a society they obviously did not want and from which they took nothing, desiring neither work nor charity.

I had seen them in London, New York, Los Angeles, Tangier, Colombo, Sydney, Paris, Rome, Berlin—everywhere I have been. And in every city, of whatever nationality they happened to be, they all came out of exactly the same mould.

For many years I had studied these strange and mysterious creatures, had

wondered what secret lay behind those fixed, staring eyes. I had sometimes tried to get into conversation with them, had held out a friendly cigarette, but always the result was the same—a startled glance—and a quick change of direction to avoid any further contact.

And now on this evening in May came one of them, walking fast, from the direction of the casino. His head was down and his hands were buried in the pockets of his coat.

As he was on the opposite side of the road, I caught but a glimpse of his face in profile. He was lightly bearded, probably merely unshaven for a week or so. He seemed to be about my age, in the middle forties, and to have well-chiselled features.

He passed on then, and I had only his back to contemplate. Even this I found uninteresting. He wore no topcoat. His suit, although threadbare, still preserved the unmistakable cut of Savile Row. It was of unusual material, olive-green in color with a herringbone design.

Something at this point stirred in my memory. I had seen this suit before. I leaned forward, vaguely disturbed, to watch the fast-disappearing man more closely. And then I saw something else—or rather became aware of something else for the first time.

It was the way he walked. He had a peculiar splaying action of his left foot. Seen from behind it was as though the left foot crossed the right in mid-step—as though it would be certain to trip the walker. Yet it wasn't a limp. The walk otherwise was normal. A hip injury, perhaps in youth.

A hip injury! The suit! I was on my feet in a flash. My blood ran cold. I did know him. I was positive of it.

I hastened down from the terrace and walked quickly after him. I had to make sure. I could be mistaken. After all, it was ten years now since he had disappeared from human ken. I needed to get a closer look at him without his being aware of it. I knew from experience how easily scared they were.

I dropped into a walk, measured my pace with his, and observed him across the road in the gathering gloom. As he came to a street lamp the rays fell directly on his face, for he wore no hat. His hair was fair and incredibly silken, with a clear-cut

parting, the hair of a much younger man. But his face was lined beneath the growth of beard.

Dr. Jack Thoma. I was now positive. My friend and companion of medical school days at Cambridge. My fellow student at St. Mary's Hospital in London. The brilliant young surgeon who vanished one day ten years ago during a solitary motoring vacation in France.

When I say "vanished" I do not mean to imply that there was any suggestion of an accident. The police were never asked to search for him or anything of that kind. He wrote a few letters to his parents, since dead, and to a few of his intimate friends, including me. They were addressed each time, and over a period of a year or more, from different villages and towns all over France.

The letters were puzzling, and gave no clue to his continued absence from England, but were apparently designed to set our minds at rest as to his health and well-being. Then the letters ceased to arrive.

And Dr. Jack Thoma had never been heard of or seen since, for he never came home. When his parents died, advertisements were inserted in "The Times" and in the "Continental Daily Mail," designed to catch his eye. But there was no response. He had simply and unaccountably vanished without a trace.

I knew all about that hip injury, because I had been the cause of it. One morning during our undergraduate days I had been driving my small sports car up to London with Jack as my companion. I was driving too fast on an icy road, the car skidded, and we ended up in a ditch with the overturned car on top of us.

I was unhurt except for head cuts, but Jack suffered a dislocated hip. A tendon had been cut, and although when everything eventually healed up it left him without a limp, he had this odd "splay" of his left leg when he walked.

Now that I was absolutely certain of the man's identity, the immediate problem was how best to make contact with him.

I crossed the road and walked a few paces behind him. We were approaching the last of the street lamps. I held that position until he reached the lamp and was directly beneath its rays, when I ran forward, grasped him hard by one arm, and swung him around to face me.

**Dramatic short
story with a
startling climax**

**By ALEC
COPPEL**

The unexpectedness of the attack threw him off balance, mentally as well as physically. As he staggered I saw a gamut of expressions chase quickly across his face — surprise, anger, fear—and then, finally, recognition. But that same split second in which recognition came, it vanished. In its place there instantly snapped that familiar dead mask of anonymity, and he simultaneously made a quick move to walk away.

But I was not going to let him go. I caught his arm again and once more swung him towards me. This time he spoke, and it was Jack Thoma's voice.

"Let me go. Let me go," he gasped. "Jack. Jack Thoma."

We stood facing each other for a few moments. I continued, kindly and sympathetically, which was indeed how I felt. "Jack, my dear, dear fellow. What happened? What became of you? Won't you please tell me."

The mask, I was glad to see, popped away. He stood there eyeing me closely now, sizing me up. Was I friend or foe?

I waited for him to decide. We said nothing, but our eyes spoke of memories of long ago. The faintest smiles flickered across his lips, and he murmured, "Hello, Barry."

"How about a drink?"

At the invitation to prolong the meeting the mask threatened for a moment to return, so I took his arm and began to lead him forcibly across the road towards a small and practically deserted cafe. He dragged back first, but then I could feel his arm relax.

I sat him down in the darkest corner at a table there on the pavement, and took a chair alongside him. I ordered two whiskies, remembering that this was his usual drink, and offered him a cigarette. He shook his head, but as I was taking my outstretched case away, his hand came out and he took one eagerly, almost greedily.

"What happened, Jack?" I asked, for this was no everyday meeting where we had to waste time on casual small talk. I wanted to know, and he knew I wanted to know.

He waited for the drinks to be set before us and for the man to go back inside the cafe. Then he raised his glass.

"Cheers."

"Cheers."

We both drank. When he spoke it was with a brave effort to appear nonchalant.

"That was a long vacation I took,

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The girl's eyes were imploring as she pointed to the empty chairs and said to Jack, "Let me present the others."



Continuing . . . Guests for Dinner

from page 41

ch?" he began. I waited. And then he told me this story . . .

Dr. Jack Thoma surveyed his jacked-up vintage Lagonda and the component parts of her differential laid out on the garage floor and thought himself fortunate that he was in no hurry to get anywhere.

He was on a vacation, motor-ing in his beloved elderly and erratic open Lagonda, heading to the south of France with no particular goal in view. He planned to reach the Mediter-ranean somewhere along the unfashionable and so far un-spoiled Cotes des Maures, and drift along the coast.

He was travelling alone. He enjoyed solitude on his vaca-tions. Talking was always something of an effort, even to a close friend. He was un-married for the simple reason that he had never found a girl with whom he could fall in love. It was not that he was demanding in his choice—except in one particular: the girl, if she existed, would need to be telepathic and converse in silent communion with his mind.

This, of course, is an exag-geration—but it was certainly true that his acute shyness had prevented him from becoming at all familiar with any woman he had so far encountered.

He had set off on this vaca-tion free as the birds in the sky, until the Lagonda de-veloped this ominous grating noise in her nether regions. He tried to ignore the racket, hop-ing his luck would hold until Macon, a large town ahead where he could be sure of large garages and expert mechanics.

But it was not to be. In the centre of this small village of Tartone, right before the doors of the only garage, the Lagonda had sent forth one final shat-tering protest and ground to a stop. The village was fifteen kilometres from Macon.

The garage proprietor had taken immediate charge, had pushed the car into the shed, and, jacking it up, had crawled beneath.

And now the differential was spread out in pieces and the verdict given. A gear had stripped and would need to be replaced.

There was no question of a spare part being sent from Eng-land—this model Lagonda had long since ceased to be manu-factured and no parts were available. But the garage prop-rietor was not in the least dis-tressed. Naturally he would make the part. It would take a little time—a few days per-haps. Would m'sieu continue his journey by train or bus and call back for the car?

Jack looked around at the tiny village. There were a score or so houses lining either side of the road, a small church and a cemetery just outside the vil-lage, a food shop, and that was all.

It would be a new experience to live for a few days in a country village, to observe the simple, everyday life to which millions of Frenchmen are ac-customed, but which is very different from the French life observed by the average tourist.

No, he replied to the me-chanic—he would stay right here and wait for the work to be completed. If, that is, there was some place to sleep and eat? An inn, perhaps?

The man shook his head. Then he remembered Papa Saintene and his daughter. They were always glad of a few francs, and had been known to accept a lodger in their spare room. The proprietor pointed out the house, in the centre of the small row, and the doctor lifted his suitcase from the car.

As he was turning away the garage proprietor called to him, and Jack turned. There was an anxious expression now on the man's face.

"Perhaps I should warn m'sieu . . ." he began. Then he faltered.

"What is it?" asked the puzzled doctor.

The man seemed to have changed his mind. "It is nothing. You will find out for yourself. Good-night, m'sieu."

From the outside, Papa Saintene's house was identical with thousands of other such village homes. It was solid and dilapi-dated, with the whitewash peel-ing off, and a few pots of withered geraniums on the window-ledge.

The door opened to Jack Thoma's knock, and he found himself looking up at the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She was tall and slender, with blue eyes, milk-white skin, and silky blond hair. The appa-rition was so unexpected that he stood there speechless for a few moments. The girl looked down at him, waiting patiently. She had, he now saw, a tired, listless expression.

Finally he told of the acci-dent to his car, and asked whether it was true that accom-modation could be had in this cottage for a few nights.

The girl nodded and opened the door for his entrance.

Jack introduced himself, and the girl said her name was Gallia Saintene. She lived with her father, who was at the mo-ment resting in his room.

The door opened directly on to a large living-room, which also served as a dining-room. Through an open door Jack could see the kitchen, and through that he caught a glimpse of a small yard.

Gallia led the way up the stairs which ran up one wall of the room. Jack had time to notice that the house's inside belied its exterior. It was spot-lessly clean and well furnished in a solid manner.

As they reached the top of the stairs a querulous, whining sound emerged through a closed door.

Gallia reassured her father, calling through the door, that they had a guest, and then she showed Jack into a small room with a sloping beamed ceiling, apparently directly over the kitchen. It was sparsely fur-nished with an iron bedstead, a small chest of drawers, a cur-tain hung over a corner to serve as a wardrobe, and a table.

Gallia said she would return to make up the bed with fresh linens and went out, shutting the door behind her.

Her attitude, thought Jack, was polite enough—but there was something strange about it. She seemed completely un-interested.

Jack was not a conceited person, but he thought it un-natural that the unexpected ap-pearance of a young foreigner in her home should appar-ently make no impression at all on a young girl. She almost appeared to be sleep-walking. Perhaps she was preoccupied with some mysterious problem.

He unpacked a few of his things and went downstairs again. The girl was busy in the kitchen preparing the evening meal. Wishing to be as unobtrusive as possible in such a small house, Jack said he would take a stroll along the road. Gallia nodded and said they would eat at seven o'clock. It was now six-thirty.

Dr. Thoma went for a stroll along the road. After a walk of a hundred yards he found himself out in the country, with the village be-hind him. He walked farther than he intended; by the time he regained the cottage door it was two minutes past seven and quite dark. He opened the door, after politely knock-ing, and went in.

The room was transformed. A large table which had been over on one side was now in the centre of the room. Facing Jack was a wizened old man, seated with his back to the kitchen. His face was yellow, like wrinkled parchment. His staring, unblinking eyes were fixed on Jack, who murmured a good evening and introduced himself.

The old man did not an-swer. Jack went to him and extended a friendly hand. It was ignored. The old man re-mained motionless except for his eyes, which continued to stare at the visitor.

Suddenly Gallia emerged from the kitchen, carrying a large soup bowl. She seemed startled to see Jack, but in-stantly took in the situation.

"My father cannot speak or move," said Gallia.

Embarrassed at his obtuse-ness, realising in a belated flash that the old man had suffered a severe stroke at some time, Jack moved away. Gallia put the soup bowl on the table by a pile of plates and indicated a chair opposite. "If you would take that chair, m'sieu."

For the first time Jack be-came conscious of the table. It was set for eight people. There was a lighted candle before every place on the table. Jack sat down. Then he was startled to hear Gallia, standing, say, "A moment, m'sieu. You must be introduced."

Jack rose slowly to his feet.

In the most matter-of-fact manner, Gallia now introduced him to the places around the table. "This is Dr. Jack Thoma, Doctor—this is Mama, Uncle Charles, Aunt Louise, Pierre, and Marie."

A cold chill ran down Jack's spine. He shot a look at Gallia and felt his eyes held by hers. Eyes that were pitifully, urgently imploring. He tore his eyes away and glanced at Papa, who was waiting for his reaction.

"Good evening, Mama, Uncle Charles, Aunt Louise, Pierre, Marie," murmured Jack, and took his seat.

Gallia served eight plates of soup. The ghastly meal began.

There was worse to come. Throughout the meal the girl talked in a lively manner to the five non-existent people—and to her father. She would wait for the scarcely audible and quite incompre-hensible noises he made in re-ply, then turn to the "others" with a laugh and begin an- other round of small talk. Her eyes frequently went to Jack's, as though daring him to show by his attitude that there was anything untoward going on.

Aghast at the ritual, Jack nevertheless could not fail to marvel at the girl's untiring efforts. And as the meal pro-gressed and he felt her father's eyes on him more and more frequently, with a look which he interpreted as disappoint-ment with the visitor's silence amid such animation, Jack joined in the small talk. More, he helped Gallia with the serving, the collection of the plates, and the preparation of the next course. He felt a warmth of gratitude from the girl, and this made it almost worth while.

Throughout all this, to make the girl's task even more dread-ful, she had to spoon-feed her helpless father.

When the meal was over, Gallia said "Good-night" to the five "guests," blew out some of the candles, and, to Jack's amazement and horror, bent over, lifted Papa from his chair, and carried him effortlessly up the stairs to disappear into the old man's bedroom.

"Perhaps I should warn m'sieu," the garage proprietor

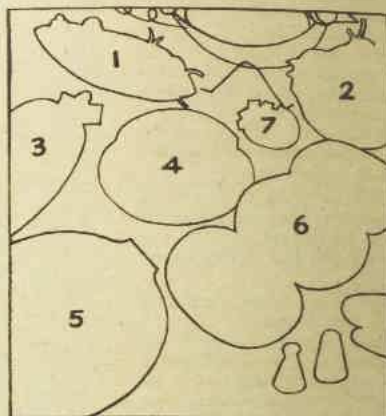
To page 44

7 BRIGHT to make your party go with a swing



"Keep your holiday hostess-ing carefree", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert. "Make it a Kraft occasion with dishes simple to prepare—easy to serve—and so festive on your table."

Greet your guests with a gay assort-ment of exciting dishes. Kraft have created seven tempting recipes for everything from garlic buttered French bread to a crisp tossed salad . . . to make sure your party's a success. Now is the time to scan through the recipes and list all the Kraft Foods you'll need. Kraft Foods make cooking easier, simpler—and dishes more delicious. Prove it with these party specials.



1. Smart Sandwich Ideas from Kraft

Sandwiches are always a favourite for a party. Try these exciting combinations! Vegemite with chopped walnuts . . . Vegemite with chopped celery . . . delicious Kraft Cheddar Cheese with dates . . . delicate tasting Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with currant jelly and nuts . . . nut-like flavoured Kraft Swiss Cheese between slices of rye bread . . . tasty, fully matured Coon Cheese and bacon . . . and hosts of other delightful fillings you can whip up with the wide range of Kraft products.

2. Tempting Tossed Salad

Bring your salad bowl to the table—piled loosely with your favourite salad ingredients and topped generously with diced Kraft Cheddar. Dress with the "wonder flavour" of Kraft Mayonnaise—and toss over and over with salad fork and spoon. Looks tempting—tastes fresh and delicious—so casual and carefree for a special occasion.

3. Garlic-Buttered French Bread

Here's an exotic flavoured suppertime treat in the continental style. Soften ½ cup butter, add a clove of garlic, crushed, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Cut French bread stick diagonally into ¾" slices, not quite through to the bottom. Spread garlic mixture generously between the slices and over the top. Sprinkle with salt and paprika. Place slices of tomato and thick slices of Kraft Cheddar between the slices. Now, into a moderate oven for 15 minutes. Guests will love the smooth, melting goodness of delicious Kraft Cheddar.

4. Pineapple "Philly" Cream Cheese Cake

Make this "showpiece" the highlight of your party table. Press a crumb crust made from 1 cup fine cornflake crumbs, ¼ cup sugar and ¼ cup melted butter onto bottom and sides of a 9" cake tin with a removable bottom, or a swiss roll tin. Chill. Now for the filling: Sprinkle 1 dessertspoon gelatine over ¼ cup cold water. Set aside. Beat 3 egg yolks lightly. Add 1 cup crushed pineapple, 2 dessertspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and ¼

cup sugar. Cook over hot water, stirring until thickened. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and add two 4-oz. packages of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Stir until blended. Cool until beginning to thicken. Beat 3 egg whites with a pinch of salt until stiff. Gradually add ½ cup of sugar and fold into pineapple mixture. Pile into chilled crust and decorate with pineapple slices and maraschino cher-ries for added glamour.

5. Savoury Tray

With Kraft products you can quickly work up an astonishing variety of savoury tray treats. Make toothpick savouries with cubes of any Kraft Cheeses and pin to a large orange for your centrepiece. Now surround with an array of exciting savouries—cracker biscuits spread with Kraft Cheese Spreads, Kraft Velveeta, Old English and tasty, fully matured Coon Cheese and Red Feather Fish and Meat Pastes. Garnish with tomato, olives, gherkins, paprika.

6. California Meat Balls

Here's the hot dish of the evening, so satisfying for hearty appetites. Thoroughly wash 1 cup of rice and drain. Mix with 2 lb. rissote steak, 2 teaspoons salt, and pepper. Shape into balls. Now heat two 16-oz. tins tomato soup with 4 cups of milk, 2 teaspoons salt, pepper, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and 1 teaspoon Wor-cestershire sauce. Drop in meat balls. Bring to boil and simmer gently 35-40 minutes. Serve with generous helpings of rice and shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

7. Caramel Surprise

Offer your guests a sweet-tooth treat. Pile foil-wrapped Kraft Caramels into bowls. Kraft Caramels are chewy-soft, dairy fresh and come in three delightful flavours—Vanilla, Coconut and Chocolate. Try them all.

Quick snacks . . . elaborate dishes . . . party treats . . . sweet or savoury—you'll find there are count- less menus and party ideas you can prepare with the versatile range of Kraft products. Look around the shelves at your store and stock up with your favourite Kraft Foods today. So handy in your kitchen . . . so pleasing on your table.

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IDEAS from KRAFT



Don't you feel like reaching right into the picture and helping yourself? Fancy a slice of that Pineapple "Philly" Cream Cheese Cake? Like to spoon into that dish of California Meat Balls? You can make all these exciting dishes yourself — the easy-to-follow Kraft recipes for these party favourites are on the opposite page.

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A delightful novelty containing
two surprise "pop-up" phials of
Goya perfume, 11/2.



FLOWER TUB
With two Goya
handbag phials set
in a gleaming acetate
container, 11/2.

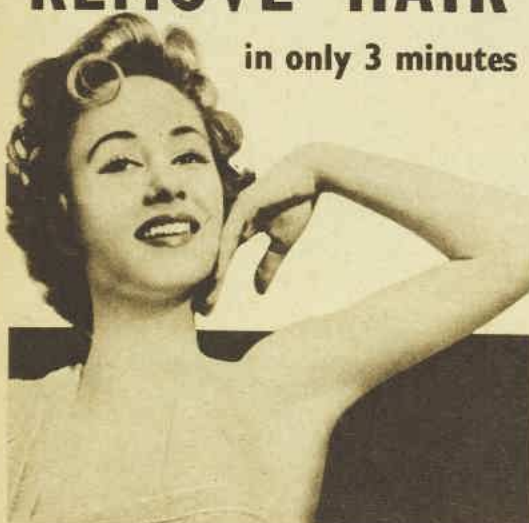
MERRY-GO-ROUND

Two Goya handbag
phials in a container
which really goes
round and round,
12/6.



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Here's a better way to REMOVE HAIR in only 3 minutes



It's so embarrassing — those glimpses of ugly underarm hair. Nothing so ruins a girl's attraction to men. But luckily the problem is now so quick and easy to solve. No scraping with razors. No sore, tender skin. Shaving, as any man will tell you, only makes hair grow again coarser and faster. Just smooth on dainty Veet cream. Leave for 3 minutes and then wash off. Every trace of hair is gone as if by magic. Hair is melted away just below

the surface. So no unsightly stubble remains — and regrowth is positively discouraged. Your skin is smooth and white. Veet is the only modern way to remove ugly hair from underarms. And don't forget legs too. They must be kept Veet-smooth and hair free always. Success is guaranteed with Veet, or money refunded. Veet at chemists, and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (Double Size) 5/3 Medium Size 3/3

Continuing . . . Guests for Dinner

had said. So mused the shaken Jack, left alone at the dining-table.

Exactly one month later Dr. Thoma emerged with his bride from the British Consulate at Toulon, where they had been married by special licence. Ten minutes later he and Gallia left the big town behind them and the Lagonda was heading along the Cotes des Maures toward the honeymoon villa. In the back of the car were Gallia's two suitcases, for she had arrived by train at Toulon only that morning.

Neither of them spoke. Jack glanced for a moment at his bride and was rewarded by a little smile. He smiled back and concentrated on his driving. There was no need of talk between them. Each was fully conscious of the other's unspoken thoughts. This was that one-and-only girl, the girl he had never hoped to find — had never believed existed except in his pipe dreams.

Then the cloud, unsummoned but persistent, came back to haunt him. His troubled conscience, which had tormented him these past two weeks since it happened — the conscience which he had hoped would cease to exist once the girl was safely by his side — suddenly rose up again and drove all other thoughts from his mind.

Did Gallia know? He half suspected that she did. If so, if she knew what he had done, would it not be better to confess his dreadful act openly, before the consummation of the marriage? Or was it already too late? But then suppose he did confess in the belief that she already knew, only to find she was ignorant of what he had done? What then?

He had stayed on at the Saintene cottage for two weeks after that first night. The Lagonda was roadworthy in three days, but Jack Thoma stayed on.

At first he convinced himself that it was out of pity for Gallia, and that he only wanted to relieve her of whatever he could from her daily insufferable tasks with Papa. In small ways he did help them both, and it was obvious that his presence lightened the tedium for her.

The old man remained shut in his room every day, only appearing each night for those terrible dinners.

The dreadful farce was played each night by candlelight. At every dinner the extra candles were lit, the extra places laid, and food served — and those appalling conversations held with "Mama, Uncle Charles, Aunt Louise, Pierre, and Marie."

Jack never asked the girl who these invisible guests were, but he learned the truth from the garage proprietor. Some twelve years earlier there had been a shocking tragedy nearby, where a side road crossed the main Paris-Mediterranean line. A car, driven by Papa, and crammed with his entire family, had been struck by an express train while they were happily setting out on a picnic. His wife, his son and daughter, his brother and sister-in-law had been killed instantly. Only Papa and Gallia had escaped with their lives.

"The shock, m'sieu!" concluded the garage proprietor. "You have seen the result."

The Lagonda remained in the garage. Jack could not leave the village. Could not, because he knew it was more than pity and admiration he felt for Gallia. He was in love with her.

They scarcely spoke, even on the walks they took in the surrounding fields. But he knew that in this most unlikely spot, and under these fantastic and horrible circumstances, he

had met the one girl in the world he wanted to spend his life with.

When he kissed her one day, she responded exactly as he had hoped and prayed she would: warmly, sweetly, with just a hint of passion to come.

He asked her to marry him. She said that she would. But not now. Not now. She was not free. As long as her helpless father lived, she could never think of abandoning him.

So there was the rub. They were indissolubly tied to each other by mystic strands, but tied to Gallia was her visible cross.

One day Gallia said to him, "You are a doctor. Can you do nothing for father? Can you not prescribe for him?" It was the way she said it. Wasn't there something behind that innocent question? She knew her father's case was hopeless. She had been told so many times over the years.

Prescribe? Prescribe what? This was the first time the thought entered Jack's mind, but from then on it took possession of him. He lay awake at night, and went for long walks in the darkness trying to rid himself of the demon. It was useless.

He had argued once at a Cambridge Union meeting against euthanasia. It had been only an academic debate, of course, but he had maintained that it is wrong to destroy life, no matter what the circumstances.

He wavered this way and that, observing the senility and helplessness and uselessness of the tragic old man, with the beautiful young girl's life dragging on, being wasted until — until what? Until her beauty faded and her youth was gone?

And then he reminded himself that he was far from disinterested. He wanted that beauty, that youth.

When he reached this crossroad the agony of the daily dinner party became unbearable. He was certain that each night now there was another message in Gallia's eyes. An invitation to "prescribe." To free her.

After one particularly harrowing night, his mind was made up.

The next day he took the old man's lunch to him and fed him the broth. In the broth was a tasteless, painless drug from the medicine case which Jack always had in his car, ready for emergency use.

The old man slept long that day. By the time the table had been laid for another phantom meal he was dead.

Gallia took the news calmly. She met his eyes clearly. He moved out of the house, as was fitting, to spend the night and the following nights, until the funeral, at nearby Macon.

After the funeral he left Gallia before the cottage door. He took her hand in his and she returned his pressure. They looked into each other's eyes and then he got into the Lagonda and continued his interrupted journey to the south.

When he arrived at Cavalaire he poured out his heart to her in a long letter and posted it. He asked her to marry him when she had recovered from the shock. She was to come by the train to Toulon, where he would meet her. When she decided, she was to send him a telegram, giving the day and the time of her arrival.

Although optimistic, Jack steeled himself for a long delay. To keep his mind busy he selected a small villa set in the pines overlooking the sea. This, he hoped, would be their honeymoon villa. He paid a month's rent and engaged a daily maid.

His hopes were not in vain. Her reply was instantaneous. She was taking the train the very next day after his proposal came.

This left the excited Jack little time to prepare the villa, but he did the best he could.

He saw that there was ample food and wine in the villa, told the maid she would not be needed for two days, and set off for Toulon.

Then suddenly it was settled for him. As though reading his thoughts, as usual, Gallia said softly as they were nearing the village. "I have never had a honeymoon before. I hope nothing happens to spoil it."

This was the clearest possible reassurance. He leaned over and, taking her hand, pressed it warmly. She returned the pressure.

She was delighted with the villa. It was small but charming and comfortable and in a delightful setting practically on the golden, sandy shore.

Jack showed her the dining-room, living-room, terrace, bathroom, kitchen, and, of course, their bedroom. She was glad there was to be no servant. They must be alone. She could manage the work.

Almost before he finished taking her suitcases upstairs she had decided on the dinner she would cook from the food he had stored in the refrigerator. And the wine. They would have champagne tonight.

They swam in the ocean before dinner, undressing modestly by turns in the bedroom.

Now they were dressed — she in a blue chiffon dinner gown he had never seen before — she must have bought it especially for the occasion — she told him to sit on the terrace and wait while she put the final touches on dinner.

He took a solitary drink out on the terrace under protest, and contemplated the beauty of the gathering night over the dark golden sea.

Twenty minutes later she called, "Dinner, darling."

Before he could come inside, she was out on the terrace. Her arms were around him and as he pressed his lips to hers and felt her body against his, a thrill shot through him as he sensed the passion of the girl.

Unashamed now, she smiled up at him. Then, taking his hand in hers, she led the way inside.

Reaching the doors of the dining-room she flung them open and went in ahead. On the threshold Jack Thoma stood, paralysed with horror.

The table was laid for eight. Before each place was a lighted candle.

Gallia smiled at him and indicated a chair.

"You sit next to Papa, my love. Then Mama, Uncle Charles, Aunt Louise, Pierre, Marie — and I'll sit facing you."

At the table of the small cafe on the front at Cannes, Jack Thoma sat staring out across the road towards the sea.

I waited for him to continue. He remained silent, lost in the shocking memory he had conjured up. Then he said softly, "Barry, do you think you could get me something to eat? A sandwich, perhaps?"

I was gone only a moment to summon a waiter. Evidently we had long since been given up as bad business, as we had bought only the two whiskies all the evening. I found a waiter, gave my order, and returned.

Jack Thoma had vanished. I never saw him again and never did find out what happened to Gallia.

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The bright, hot days of summer put a severe strain on your eyes — and, on top of that, they have to contend with dust and wind. Best way to relieve tired, aching eyes is to use soothing Optrex Eye Lotion. Optrex gives wonderful relief! It relaxes tense eye muscles and gently washes away dangerous germs, too. The tonic action of Optrex helps to bring back the sparkle of health. Give your eyes the comfort and protection of Optrex — get a bottle from your chemist and use it every day.



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AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning December 10

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a distant place.</p>	<p>★ Some of you will be so concerned with holiday plans that day-to-day work is roughed over so far as essentials go and just pushed aside wherever possible.</p>	<p>★ Do nothing that violates the social code or municipal regulations. You won't get by with it and the penalty may be greater than the proposition was worth.</p>	<p>★ Do not lay down the law where you should go on dates. If you have preferences, so has the boyfriend. Take it turn about. If you issue orders he'll resent it.</p>	<p>★ If planning holidays find out if friends are headed for the same place. This could mean pleasure to all, and if you could share premises, help to reduce expenses.</p>
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in an agreement.</p>	<p>★ Keep to yourself as much as possible in order to finish work on hand. Trouble could be brewing either on the home or office front, so take precautions.</p>	<p>★ Let no one disturb your trend of thought if you are on the trail of a profitable venture. The opinions of others may confuse you where clarity is imperative.</p>	<p>★ Perhaps there is a little misunderstanding over your relationship with the best beloved. Don't let it grow into a row. Take up the matter quietly.</p>	<p>★ Why not try to picnic once in a while, even if it's in your own backyard? Or eat on the verandah and ask a few friends to join you. Any change is good.</p>
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck at a social function.</p>	<p>★ Gain co-operation of your partner before embarking on any scheme involving money. It will create difficulties if you spend without his knowledge.</p>	<p>★ Do not make important decisions regarding home or children while nervous and tense or under pressure. Hasty decisions over holidays could turn sour.</p>	<p>★ Plenty of Gemini subjects are thinking of marriage, but they are likely to blow hot and cold. A wise girl manoeuvres him into the right mood.</p>	<p>★ You are at the top of your social bent. A new craze may take possession of you for the summer. So long as you don't ride it into the ground, it will be good.</p>
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in good health.</p>	<p>★ Remain steady no matter how sorely tried your patience may be. Aim to please employers or customers even when their demands seem unreasonable.</p>	<p>★ Let household members see you as strangers do. A cheerful atmosphere is always worth striving for. Moodiness and sulking because you can't get your own way are bad.</p>	<p>★ If interested in a boy or girl who works where you do, approaching festivities open the way to closer friendship. Staff activities are excellent background.</p>	<p>★ Avoid turning any little diversion into a mountain of work. Things can be done very simply, yet prove most enjoyable. A sudden inspiration could bring you lots of kudos.</p>
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in true love.</p>	<p>★ Do not place emotional hopes and wishes above practical considerations or economic security, or you may end up with depleted finances and bad relationships.</p>	<p>★ A grand project in your home brings out the sporting blood of the whole family. The marriage partner puts his or her shoulder to the wheel.</p>	<p>★ Invitations call for an escort. It is quite correct to ask a boy to a party when the hostess has told you to bring one. That casual date could have a future.</p>	<p>★ You wish to wangle an invitation for a rather lusty affair and it comes through in due course, flattering to your vanity and a tribute to persistence.</p>
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky colors for love, all pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck on your doorstep.</p>	<p>★ Don't let anyone sway you into speculating money. At present only conservative investments prove satisfactory. So-called insider information may be a false report.</p>	<p>★ Feeling domestic can be fun, whether it takes the form of home-made surprises for the children or some other pre-Christmas activity. Most bring presents.</p>	<p>★ Most of the little courtesies that keep a friendship going between a boy and a girl fall on the girl's shoulders. Returning hospitality is only fair.</p>	<p>★ The winding up of at least one social activity for the year may be the main feature of your week. If an office-bearer you receive compliments.</p>
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, grey. Luck in a letter.</p>	<p>★ Put your creative talents to work and seek publicity if you see an opening. Some event may gladden your heart if you are quick on the uptake.</p>	<p>★ If you and several neighbors have a similar job on hand, you might combine by working in one place for sociability. The exchange of suggestions could help.</p>	<p>★ Seeing new places together gives you something to talk about later. If you are exploring new territory, find out what you can about it in advance.</p>	<p>★ An expedition which you have had in mind for a long time, to visit either a person or a place that intrigues you, will be good for one or two adventures.</p>
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in a shop window.</p>	<p>★ You could receive inferior merchandise or get short changed this week, so watch each transaction closely. Beware of picking up the wrong parcel.</p>	<p>★ Christmas shopping is ganging up on you. Don't leave it too late until goods have been picked over. Take your list in hand now. Start with a systematic approach.</p>	<p>★ In appreciation of good times your beloved has given you, return the compliment with an invitation to tea at your home, or a trip to the theatre. He'll appreciate it.</p>	<p>★ Wisely limiting your engagements to those you consider important, you find yourself with a bit of time to spare. You promptly indulge in a shopping trip.</p>
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in winning friends.</p>	<p>★ Pursue your private domestic and financial interests during the mornings for best results. The later hours of the day will be filled with interruptions.</p>	<p>★ You may be planning to surprise the family with a special announcement. Don't spill the beans. Choose your moment for dramatic effect.</p>	<p>★ Your best beloved is in for a happy surprise. Your personal magnetism was never higher. You create an atmosphere favorable to partnerships rooted in loyalty.</p>	<p>★ That expansive feeling can become expensive. You would like to invite all the world, but there is a limit to your hospitality, set by the size of your pocketbook.</p>
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a windfall.</p>	<p>★ Use more caution than usual when going to or from work, particularly if traffic conditions are bad. Follow a sensible diet and maintain physical fitness.</p>	<p>★ The fulfilment of a secret wish could come unexpectedly. If you happen to be a lonely person away from home or friends, there is going to be a ray of sunshine.</p>	<p>★ As a lover your sign is cautious, because sensitive and fearing a slight. If you carry this too far your beloved will think you cold. Plan a romantic evening.</p>	<p>★ Throwing in the sponge is a poor solution. Make no hasty moves. If tempted to act on impulse, postpone your decision for at least twenty-four hours.</p>
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in romance.</p>	<p>★ Remain diplomatic when co-workers take issue with your views or methods. You can best demonstrate your ideas through successful achievement.</p>	<p>★ Friends drop in, acquaintances may visit your home at odd hours. As a homemaker, try to be neat and presentable. Have dishes washed and beds made beforehand.</p>	<p>★ Have you drifted into going steady with a boy partly through force of circumstances? Now you've met someone better, you should fade out of the first affair.</p>	<p>★ Now is the right moment to try out a new sport or hobby. You can progress more rapidly now than at any other time during the next twelve months.</p>
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in prestige.</p>	<p>★ The way to economic security is paved with hard work. You cannot depend on "Lucky Luck" or friends with burdens of their own. Stand on your own feet.</p>	<p>★ Pause and see where you are headed. If schedules are disrupted, upset, through social activities, if you are lagging in domestic affairs, say "no" to invitations.</p>	<p>★ You are going to be on parade, so plan your entrances and exits. Arrive neither too early nor too late, watch your manner, also the boy-friend's reaction.</p>	<p>★ Artistic suggestions, ideas for decorations are your strong points. If you want to win friends and influence people, gain entry into a desirable crowd by these means.</p>

"Peeper"

"Scamp"

"Caprice"

"Sonia"

from sun up
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BABY NAPS are products of the
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Continuing Send for a Doctor

from page 35

me, do you know Mario's phone number? Or Art's? Or Bobo's?"

June frowned. Who was Art and who was Bobo? She could live without Art and Bobo. She was a simple girl. All she wanted was a steady job, a chance to study art, which was fun, and the opportunity to meet some young men who, with a little shaping, might make good husbands.

Marriage stood high on June's list of good things to do. Higher than parties. And when June dreamed she dreamed of a man she could love and of a time when she could drop her typewriter and brushes and run into his arms.

But right now, as Carmen continued to gush into the phone, June was not dreaming. She was sitting glumly contemplating the ruins of her dreams. She did not want to return to Greasy River. She had picked over the men up there long ago and found them wanting. Actually, they wanted her, but she did not want them.

Now there was one thing about Greasy River. It produced things. It produced sleek cattle, rich cream, and some of the country's primest pork. Also, it produced beautiful girls. Girls from Greasy River were strong and healthy, with color in their

June took a chair facing them.

"It was Mr. Morgan, Carmen, who bought my painting from the studio today."

"An art collector!" Carmen shrieked. A rather Greek shriek. Some people said Carmen lay awake at night practising shrieks. "How FAB! How utterly—!"

"No. I'm a doctor." He handed Carmen a card. "As a matter of fact I'm opening my practice in a few days. You see," he grinned self-consciously, "I'm only just through."

Dr. Morgan's eyes went from Carmen to June, his feet shuffled, and all in all he looked like a man who had just got through. He looked as though he had spent the last seven or eight years living off black coffee and benzedrine with his nose stuck in books and bur-ettes. He had a sort of burnt-out look.

It was apparent, too, that his bloodstream was not attuned to the close proximity of girls such as June and Carmen. Their bone structure had him ruffled.

"I bought your painting, Miss McBride, to hang in my new waiting-room. And I would like two or three more

highly expressive! VERY highly expressive! They have meaning! And if you think you can buy her work just to make your sickroom look wowsy then you'd better buy yourself a roll of polka-dotted wallpaper!"

"Oh, Carmen!" June had got up too. She had shrunk shyly into the background and was blushing.

Dr. Morgan was already on his feet. He bristled. "See here, my good woman, I'm paying good money for these paintings! So what more do you want?"

Carmen laughed a slow, mirthless laugh up into the young man's face.

"It may interest you to know, you bourgeois doctor, that money means nothing to this girl. She paints because she has a message. And she is not interested in selling her work to peasant people who haven't the soul to appreciate it!"

"Carmen!" June was pink from throat to ears.

The doctor jammed his hat on his head.

"If that's the way you feel about it I'm sorry I bought the first mess!"

"Mess!" June now sprang at him. "I spent a whole month on that painting!"

"Well, you'd do better spending your time learning to cook."

"I can cook!"

"Artists!" he grunted, marching down the stairs. "Huh!"

"And doctors—huh!" Carmen replied. "I wouldn't let you treat me if I had the screaming itches!"

The doctor paused at the doorway and snickered.

"If you, my girl, had the screaming itches you could hardly sound less intelligent than you do now!" The door slammed.

Carmen raved. "The nerve! The insolence! The animal!"

June did not say anything. The money from three more paintings would have saved her from going home. It would have given her a second chance. And, anyhow, she COULD cook! She could cook lemon meringue tarts, what's more! And cherry pies! He had such a nice grin, too . . .

At two a.m. next day, about forty people were packed into June's lounge room. Everywhere were horn-rimmed glasses, beards, bloodshot eyes, and gesticulating hands. There were voices high and frantic, voices deep and urgent. People were dancing and drinking and discussing and kissing.

Smoke hung about in clouds and glasses lay round in pieces. A radio was playing something loud and giddy, and a man with a trombone was trying to keep up with it. He was losing ground fast.

June was weary. She wished people would start leaving. All the afternoon she had spent buying food, and, with Carmen's help, preparing it for the party. By the time she had dressed it was time to welcome people. Then it was time for supper. Up and down the stairs she had run countless times, and now it was time to clear up the mess.

Nobody was bothering her much except for a young man with pimples who sat next to her and who had a lecture for the world about certain avenues of spherical geometry.

Finally she rose and collected a trayful of empty plates. She paused at the top of the stairs and took a final look round the room. Then she turned and for some ten seconds there were loud crashings of crockery and human being.

Carmen was first to reach

To page 52



faces, bloom in their hair, and grace in their movement.

And their shapes. Perhaps it was Nature's way of bringing dairy farmers down from the hills, hog farmers up from the flats, and shy young cornstalk-chewers out from behind their haystacks. Some people said it was the air or the water from the creek or something. But those girls were wonderful. And such a one was June McBride.

Above Carmen's chatter the doorbell rang. This was no uncommon sound and June went downstairs to answer it without speculation.

In the doorway stood a strange man. He was young and lean and brisk and dressed in a solvent manner.

"I'm looking for a Miss June McBride," he said. "The artist! Is she in?"

June looked him up and down. Mostly up, for he was tall.

"That's me."

"Oh! Well, my name's Morgan. Henry Morgan. I just bought one of your paintings. I want to talk to you about buying some more."

"Please come in, Mr. Morgan." She smiled a smile she had brought with her from Greasy River.

Upstairs in the lounge Carmen was just putting down the receiver when June led Mr. Morgan in.

"Carmen, this is Mr. Henry Morgan. Carmen East."

"How do you do, Miss East?"

"Hi, Henry! Call me Carmen!" She sat down next to him.

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Barry Horderus



For a weekend by the sea it is

- Wise to have a travelling frock of uncrushable material, new to have it in a Persian print, and cool in hues of green . . .
- Fun to have a beach towel made with stole-like proportions, and finished with pockets for sunglasses and handkerchief . . .
- Practical to have a denim beach coat which unbuttons down the sides—incidentally becomes a caftan when belted . . .
- Prudent to carry a beach hat, but exciting to have it made of plaited fibre leaves . . .
- Nice to have two bathing suits, chosen in colors to tone with the same beach coat . . .
- New to have trousers with a matched top, and useful to have a sweater chosen in a pretty summer pastel . . .

Paris Notes



● Romantic, after wearing sportive day clothes, to be feminine at night—in a swirling tiered skirt and a pastel cotton top. The skirt could be of crimson cotton, or in a fragile marguerite-spattered design on lilac pink . . .

Dorothy Johnston

TRAINING
TOMORROW'S ATHLETES
TODAY!



One thing our Olympic coaches know is that it takes many years to develop a top-ranking athlete. Athletic efficiency, like mental efficiency, requires years of careful nurturing. The outstanding physical attributes of some of our finest sportsmen are directly associated to a foundation of wise diet and nourishment as youngsters. Case histories of many athletes prove how they benefited from Pro-Vita Weat-Harts as a regular part of their diet since an early age. The rich natural vitamins in Pro-Vita Weat-Harts will help your children build the physical vigour to win through life. Serve Pro-Vita Weat-Harts every morning, on cereal or fruit.

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The maternity suit illustrated here is chosen for the number of young mothers-to-be who write saying they want to look neat and attractive while expecting a baby.

HERE is a typical letter and my reply:

"I AM expecting a baby early in April, and I would like a style for a maternity outfit in dark navy linen. I want a design that is practical, neat, and attractive, and a paper pattern. As the material is dark, do you think the outfit would be best relieved with white? I am small. My size is SSW."

I have chosen for you the two-piece maternity suit illustrated at right. The ensemble has all the advantages of separates because both jacket and skirt can be worn with other garments. The white collar is detachable for laundering, making the ensemble practical in every way. You can obtain a paper pattern for the suit in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Further details and how to order are under the picture.

"MELBOURNE is my holiday destination, and as I don't have much use for city clothes I would like your advice on one good outfit."

A dress with a matching jacket or coat is the smartest and most useful city ensemble—at any season. It also would be useful to wear at times in the country.

"WOULD you advise me on a coat and frock suitable for a going-away ensemble? I want something warm, as I am to live in a cold climate. I am very fond of brown and beige."

My suggestion is a beige jersey dress, and a tweed coat in a matching color. Have the dress made with a drawstring waistline, bloused softly above the natural waistline, and finished with a collar turned back from a rounded shoulder yoke. Have the coat with a little more fullness than you



DS230.—Maternity suit in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yards 36 in. material for suit, ½ yard 36 in. material for collar, and ¼ yard 36 in. material for bow. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

see now—a more voluminous coat is being revived in next season's fashions. Wear the ensemble with dark chocolate-brown or deep olive-green accessories. Have the hat peaked high, and made in a "furry" type velour.

"MY husband and I are giving a late-day party in our home, and I am not sure of the correct frock to wear. Could you tell me?"

A hostess at a late-day party in her own home should wear an afternoon dress. She does not wear a hat or gloves, though her guests probably will wear both.

"I HAVE made a black silk sleeveless sheath dress for late-day functions and for dinner, but I don't feel it is quite formal enough for such occasions. How could I make it a little dressier?"

Your sheath dress could be softened and dressed up with an overskirt in black chantilly-type lace. Have the overskirt slightly longer than the sheath.

"COULD you suggest a color scheme and design for me? My daughter is being married in late December at 2.30 p.m. Sheath dresses are charming, but not for me. I have large hips. My measurements: 35 in. bust, 27 in. waist, and 42 in. hips. I have good shoulders and like low-cut necklines. I have natural golden hair and grey-green eyes."

A dress and matching jacket are a perfect ensemble for an afternoon wedding. For the material and color I suggest mink-brown cotton lace over matching paper-thin taffeta. Have the dress made with a deep oval (back and front) neckline, finished with short sleeves, a gored skirt, and the waistline in its natural place. The jacket would be best finishing just below hip level and indented at the waistline, not "nipped." For accessories I like mink-brown for gloves, handbag, and shoes, and a pinky-beige for the hat.

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Beauty in brief:

SUNTAN CUES

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If your summer target happens to be a suntan of the sort that makes your teeth seem whiter and your eyes brighter, you should realise early in the game that the sun is around for a good three or four months.

THEREFORE, you don't have to scoop up its rays all at once.

There is no short-cut to a good coat of tan. Timing should depend on your natural coloring. Dark skins usually take a tan more readily than fair complexions, because they have more natural protective coloring.

But, fair or dark, your first exposure to the sun should be brief, and increased

gradually. This allows your skin to build up its own protection.

Did you know that it often helps a tanning project to swab all exposed areas of the skin with a dry-skin cream the night before you plan to spend a day in the sun? It offsets the drying effects of sun and salt water.

And don't forget to follow each tanning session with an anti-dry-skin treatment.

What a lovely way to give Hosiery this Xmas!

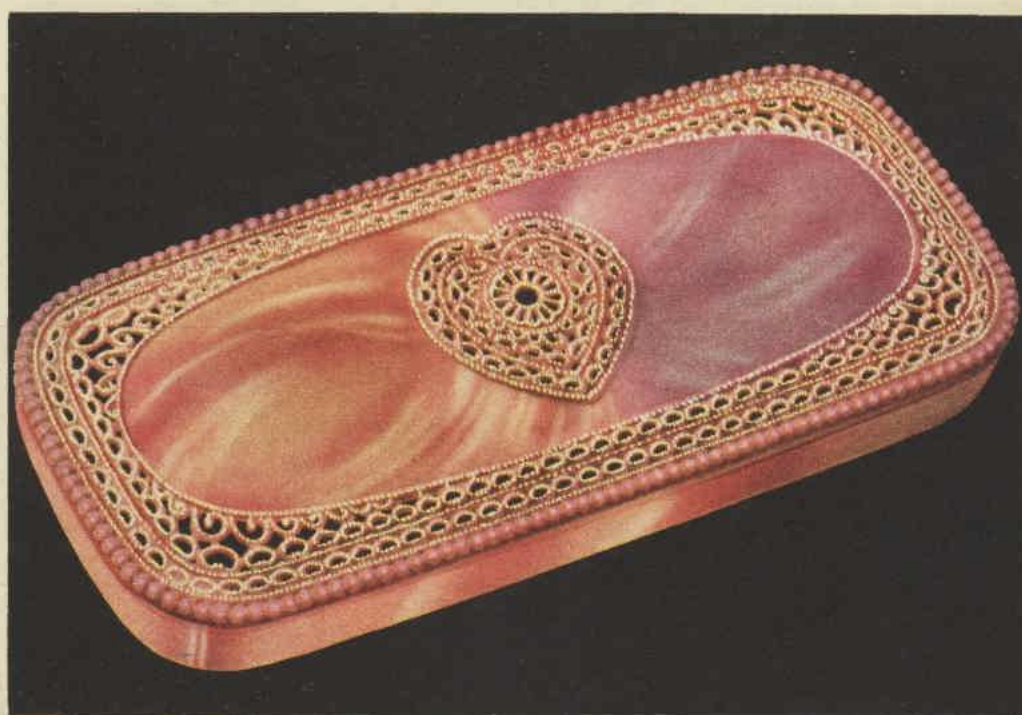
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swore I'd never see him again... then he sent me the most divine golden earrings for Christmas with a note saying they matched my pretty curly hair (Curly by courtesy of Crest of course! As you've always said, Crest is the most natural wave of all—my curls stay put even through these damp London mists!)
Darling, I'll be home for Christmas can hardly wait to see you again



Continuing . . .

Send for a Doctor

from page 47

June's side. She bent over her.

"Darling! Darling! Are you all right? What happened? Get a doctor! Somebody get a doctor!"

"I . . . tripped." June gasped. "It's my leg. My ankle."

"It's her leg!" Carmen relayed to the wall of people formed round her. "It's broken! Oh, mercy! Don't move her! We mustn't move her! Get a doctor! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Carmen, it's all right! Don't get a doctor! My leg's not broken." June whispered with effort. "If you can just help me up to bed . . ."

"Somebody ring for a doctor!" Carmen yelled.

Everybody told everybody else to ring for a doctor. But nobody knew any doctors. Somebody said that doctors were all quacks and somebody else asked if anyone had heard the story about the doctor who was walking down the street and met a—

"ANY DOCTOR!" Carmen screamed, trying to push her way up the small stairway to the phone. "Give me the phone book. Any doctor will do!"

There was no phone book. Somebody remembered somebody tearing it up and then somebody else organising a paper chase round the block with the pages.

"I know a doctor!" Carmen pulled Henry Morgan's card

The silly when deceived exclaim loudly; the fool complains; the honest man walks away and is silent.

Francois de la Noue

from her pocket and began to dial.

"Um. Docker Morg," said a sleepy voice.

"Henry, get up off that bed and come at once! June's broken her leg! Hurry!"

"Um. Whospeaking?"

"It's Carmen. CARMEN EAST! The artist!"

"I think one of us has the wrong number."

"Henry, stop acting so dumb! June McBride has broken her leg and—"

"June McBride? What's happened to June McBride?"

"She fell down the stairs and broke her leg! Hurry up!"

"I'll be right there. Don't move her!"

When Henry arrived June was still protesting to Carmen that her leg was not broken. Henry was wearing post-office red pyjamas under an overcoat and he carried a bag. His eyes squinted about him like a man looking into a floodlight. As he pushed his way through the party guests he looked at them as a man looks at his massed in-laws for the first time.

He bent over June and her eyes sought his in gratitude.

"Which foot is it?" he asked softly.

"This one, Doctor."

He touched it softly.

"Ouch!"

"I'm sorry. But I don't think it's broken. Probably a bad sprain. We'll put you to bed. Where's your bedroom?"

She pointed up the stairs and to the left.

He stood up and looked about him, at the wall of faces, weird and ridiculous. It took him a moment to convince himself that these people were possible. Then he belatedly:

"CARMEN!"

"Yes, Henry!" She was in the right foreground.

"We'll put June to bed at once. You get rid of these

people at once, then get me some hot water!"

A roar of indignation and displeasure met his command. So he commanded again.

"I'll give you all five minutes to be off these premises! Otherwise I'll call the police. This girl is seriously injured."

There were noises and movement to suggest that the police had already arrived and were clearing the place with machine guns. Henry picked June up in his arms and took her up to her bedroom. There he laid her on the bed and placed an eider-down across her.

Carmen appeared with hot water.

"June, darling, you poor, sweet darling, is it paining? I won't leave you. Don't worry. I'll sit by your side—"

"Carmen." Henry took the basin out of her hands.

"Yes, Henry?"

"While I'm bathing the foot, you clean up the place. June may be helpless for days."

"Henry, you don't expect me to—"

"Clean it up!"

"Yes, Doctor!" Carmen slunk away meekly.

Henry began to bathe the foot.

"What was the party for? Some special celebration?" he chatted.

"You'd laugh if I told you." June smiled.

"Tell me then."

"It was to celebrate the sale of my painting."

"Gee," he laughed. "That party must have cost you twice what I paid for your painting. But I remember now—you're the girl who doesn't worry about money, aren't you?" He grinned the grin she liked.

"Can you keep a secret?"

He nodded. So she told him everything—of her coming to the city, of her plans, of her doings, of her spending, and of how she must now go home to Greasy River. He listened without interrupting. He continued bathing her foot, occasionally stroked it, and his eyes never left her face.

"I had a feeling when I first met you, June," he said when she had finished, "that you weren't a run-of-the-mill artist. But you can paint. Will you paint the other three pictures for me now?"

"Oh, I'd like to." She sat up a little. "Anyway, I have to pay you for this visit, don't I?"

"My fee is only small." He leaned forward, his face close to hers. "After all, there's nothing at all wrong with your ankle."

The corners of June's mouth danced with delight.

"I know. I didn't even fall. I just wanted to get rid of all those people. But tell me—what is your fee . . . Doctor?"

Hit by the full voltage of her smile, Henry had as much chance as a first-year hog-hound.

"This." He bent forward, put his arms around her, and kissed her softly.

Carmen came into the room. "I'm absolutely prostrated, aah—hey, Henry, it's her ankle that needs your attention!"

Henry slowly turned from his patient and looked at Carmen.

"I hope you've cleaned everything up, Carmen. I'm just going, but I'll be back tomorrow to continue the . . . treatment." He grinned at June, then went on. "I may even have to increase the doses. This girl may never recover!"

"Never recover?" Carmen's eyebrows rose. "I thought she was responding to the treatment FABULOUSLY!"

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

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but it didn't last long. Within minutes they were arguing hotly over the details of the proposal.

Cavendish and Bellamy passed the outside of the Snack Bar on their way to the hotel. Bellamy was saying, "The Old Man's going to sell the Emperor to the Americans . . . even if he busts it and us in the attempt!"

Cavendish, relieved that the broken undercarriage was no longer a stumbling block to success, but still worried over the accident, said, "I feel we should be very thankful, Captain, that Sir James Joliffe is on our side!"

"But a trip like that . . . and then these functions!"

Cavendish had never been averse to a bit of publicity. "All in a good cause."

"He's taking us in deeper and deeper! We haven't even a serviceable aeroplane! And he's selling them a magic carpet!" "I shouldn't worry about it," Cavendish said. "Sir James is a very capable man."

"Sir James isn't flying the thing back!"

Angela Knight had hurried away from the get-together on her own. She was not altogether displeased with her assignment. She couldn't help being conscious of the fact that to be chosen to go with the most senior pilot in the company was no mean honor. Nevertheless, the implication that the whole business was still going on was a disturbing thought.

The telephone rang. Impatiently, Angela picked up the receiver. It was Lalette. Would Angela like to have tea with her? No, Angela couldn't.

She put the receiver down, and wished that she'd said yes. But the wretched girl had sounded so full of beans. A cat - that - swallowed - the - mouse sort of voice. She couldn't have tolerated spending an hour and a half in company with it.

And then Angela remembered. Of course, Lalette had been teamed up with Bellamy. She smiled to herself. She probably wanted to see just how Angela was taking it. Probably imagining a discomfited rival. Well, as far as she was concerned, she wished them joy of their evening together.

She sat down at the writing-table and tried to do a few letters, but it was useless. She got up and went down to the hotel coffee-bar for tea.

But there she got no comfort either. She wished she could close her ears to the cheerful sound of American voices, so out of tune with her own mood. The bustle, the crisp clatter, the smell of coffee at a time when all civilised people drank tea made her feel homesick.

She thought of tea-time at home. Molly wheeling in the trolley close by the fire. The gleam of silver, and the beauty of old lace. The sight of Daddy coming in gravely from the library, still preoccupied with the highly important work that made even his retirement so rich in service. Herself sitting down and lifting the heavy silver teapot that her mother and her grandmother had poured from with dignity and elegance.

It was all a tradition. A way of life. Just as her mother had deferred to her father, so now she did. And just as in the days when they had servants, they had known their place in the ordered household, so Molly, the last survivor of better days, went about her daily duties with modesty and respect.

And that, in a way, was why she had found her job in flying so eminently suitable. True, she had fairly menial duties, but she had only to speak for

people to realise that she was of good education and culture. And most people realised that a stewardess' job was sought after, important, and taken up more often than not by girls of the better families.

And the whole set-up was rather like service tradition. The captain was the captain. In the air he was all-wise, all-powerful. Each member of the crew knew his place, his exact position in importance, and each owed implicit obedience to the man in command.

On the ground, of course, it was different. But even there rank was obvious. Everyone was labelled with the requisite number of gold leaf bands round their arms, and rank and seniority made a safe and ordered sanctuary in a world which, as her father so justly remarked, was throwing off all bounds of decency and self-control.

But now all that had gone. Angela took a sip of the cool, brown liquid and put her cup down with a frown of distaste. The little world that she was in, the hierarchy of the Emperor, to all appearances was out of hand. And here she was, isolated from all she knew, unable to get back home without another trip in that nightmare contraption. With Bellamy, the supposed crack pilot.

Angela gave her head a little flick at the thought of him. Impatiently, she pushed the cup away from her and walked out of the coffee-bar. Half-way across the foyer she saw the man in person.

She was in no mood right

All of the animals except man know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it.

— Samuel Butler

then to talk to him, and it was unlikely that he'd seen her. She turned away and stared into one of the show-cases. It was full of costume jewellery laid out on black velvet shelves. After a second or two she saw a head and shoulders reflected back at her from the case.

"Hello, Angela," Bellamy said. "Can I buy you a cup of tea?"

She turned round slowly. Bellamy had a queer, appraising way of looking at people as though he was checking them for accuracy and reliability. "I've just had some, thanks." She shook her head and attempted a friendly smile.

"Then have another." He put his hand under her elbow and turned her round. "D'you want to have it here or somewhere else?"

"Well, I don't really—"

"Here, then?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

She walked back to the same table in the coffee bar, while Bellamy went to fetch the tray from the counter.

"With the tea in front of them, they sat in silence. Then Bellamy handed her a cigarette."

"Your hand's trembling," he said as he lit it. Then he said, "So you're going to appear on television?" With Cavendish. His voice sounded mildly amused.

"Yes." She stirred her tea. "And you're going with Lalette to the party. That should be quite nice." She paused. "For you."

"Very nice."

"It must have been quite hard for Sir James to decide which one of us to send with you."

"I don't imagine he lost much sleep over it."

"Nor you, apparently." Her anger against Bellamy was unaccountably rising again.

"Meaning exactly what?"

"Meaning I know you've been taking Lalette out. And me."

Bellamy frowned. "Did I ever tell you I hadn't?"

"You never told me you had, though."

"Because it was nothing to do with you." More gently, he added: "I've known Lalette's family for years. And you know you don't care."

"I know you don't."

"Maybe not." He drew on his cigarette. "You see, I happen to believe it's up to me whom I take out . . . where, when, and why. And nobody else."

He smiled. "That's if they'll come."

"But I don't like people thinking I'm—"

"I don't suppose right now anyone's giving you much of a thought." He leaned forward.

"Look, Angela, you're tired and strung up. Finish your tea and then go and lie down. And if you feel like a drink later on, give me a ring and we'll go and have one."

"I don't think you understand—"

Bellamy leaned forward. All sympathy had gone out of his face. "I don't understand because there isn't anything to understand. Except that you need to take a hold on yourself. Calm yourself down."

"I am calm."

"Look, Angela. You've got yourself all mixed up, and you're fastening on something to cover it up. I've seen it happen with men in the air. And I imagine it works much the same way with women." He paused for a moment before adding wryly, "Only worse."

Angela got up. "From what I saw coming over," she said with acid dislike, "it's you that got yourself mixed up!"

Bellamy said nothing for a moment. Then he narrowed his eyes. "That's what I mean," he said softly. "Glad you've got the real trouble off your chest . . . at last."

That evening, as all over New York his employees cautiously and rather shyly tried to carry out their social orders, Sir James Joliffe was standing above a hundred seated diners under a high-ceilinged banquet hall.

He swung himself back on his heels and placed the tips of his fingers carefully together. The pleasures of the Aeronautical Association's dinner, the rich food, the wine, the drone of voices, the compliments as delicately succulent as the roast young pig, and the listening ears of authoritative men had been balm to him.

Now, as he paused for effect before his final, grateful words, he had no difficulty in producing a smile of the utmost benignity.

"Gentlemen," he said gently, "may I say that your encouragement, your enthusiasm, has moved me more than I can say. You are businessmen. Hard-headed, efficient, the backbone of this great country. Most of you are aviation operators or have wide interests connected with aviation. Therefore, gentlemen, you understand. You know the difficulties, and you can't be deceived by the finished product. All the enthusiasm we have had up to now, heartwarming though it has indeed been, and grateful—immeasurably grateful—as we are for it, cannot compare to the informed enthusiasm which you have so touchingly displayed tonight."

He leaned forward so that

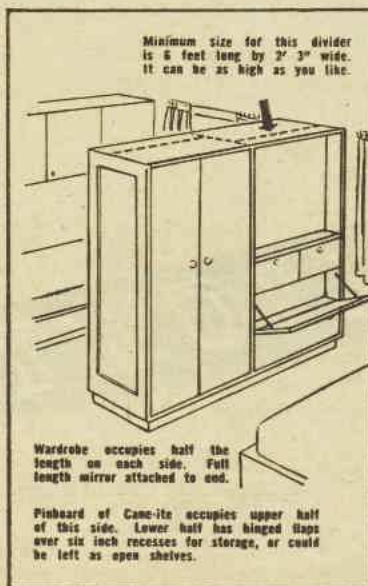
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Continuing . . .

from page 53

A pleased and deprecating murmur ruffled round the tables.

He looked down at the table as though overcome by his own emotion. Then he looked up and said, quite simply, "Thank you."

He sat down while a roar of applause like a tropical storm burst around him. Under the shelter of it, J. G. Carruthers, of All-American Inc., screwed up and threw away his little speech containing a quiet warning on forcing the pace too soon. To produce it now would have been worse than tactless; it would be sheer discourtesy. Appleby, of Electra Aviation, added a few very's and immense's and complete confidences to an otherwise lukewarm speech, and Donald Prescott decided, after all, he would say nothing.

As the clapping continued Sir James darted from time to time a small, deprecating, gratified look at his immediate neighbors. It took several smart raps of the gavel before the next speaker could be announced.

After all, he smiled grimly, they'd arrived, and that in the aviation business was a sure sign of success. And Cruttwell and Eastlake, still hard at work at Idelwild, would have produced the answer by now. Victory wasn't just round the corner. It was here.

Just as he had cleared the Company sky of every trace of cloud, a little pencilled note was handed to Sir James. He read it. It was signed Hal Matherson, and it went, "How about looking round this old bucket of yours?"

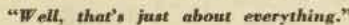
He put up his thumb and wrote back, "Delighted, when?"

Hal Matherson mouthed, "Tomorrow," and Sir James nodded again. He would get the Press in on this. He put his fingers together, enthralled with the picture of Matherson and himself arm-in-arm on the Company's steps.

And as if to give body and meaning to Sir James' pleasant dreaming as the speaker sat down in his little cloud of applause (happily very much

Sir James grinned at terrible expense to his aching face muscles. Very thoughtfully he wrote, "Would be most honored. But afraid impossible. Formalities." And then as a brilliant afterthought, "Will present you with first ticket on our scheduled service."

In return he got, "Scrap formalities! Can I? And I'll



been part of an envelope; and yet now, as Sir James rubbed its surface with his fingers, he knew that just those words written across it in pencil had changed its composition into potential dynamite. That was if Matherson really meant it. He looked up, hoping to see the good-humored American

Sir James read it twice before he ventured to look up. The applause was petering out, and a slow, pleasant buzz of talk filled the long glittering tables. Matherson leaned over, pushed aside a graceful fluted vase of silver filled with red

Sir James didn't doubt it. He fingered his tie. He laughed. Then he hedged with, "The regulations and —"

Sir James just shook his head vigorously. He was still shaking it when Matherson got up to make his speech.

He crumpled a piece of paper, tossed it on the table, and pushed his hands in his pockets.

"I can only say what you can see with your own two eyes far better." He waved at Sir James. "The achievement of yesterday's flight and meeting our honored friend and hearing him have just left me nothing to say except thanks for coming . . . thanks for what you've done for aviation . . . come again soon!" He paused and winked. "And good show!"

He held his hand up. "But before I sit down there's something else. Sir James has invited me to accompany this historic flight to Bermuda." He gave a wry smile. "When I say invited, mebbe he didn't exactly twist my arm. But the fact is . . . I'm going!"

There were cheers. Hal Matherson held up his hand again. "And looking at our friend I don't think somehow he's the sort of guy who'd say no to a lady, so I wouldn't be at all surprised if Mrs. H. Matherson didn't find herself

Sir James sat there with a stupefied smile glazed on his face. Automatically he joined in the applause, and in the after-dinner get-together he was passed from group to group like a prize to be raffled at the local bazaar.

As the hands of the enormous figure-decorated clock befriended him, pointing ever nearer to the blessed hour when he could lay aside his glass slippers and return to his pumpkin of an aeroplane, his mice, and his bevy of ugly sisters, his spirits rose a little.

It was the sort of picture it would have done any business good for the boss to be seen in. Top executive arms were draped round one another, firm mouths grinned confidently and contentedly, and

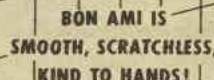
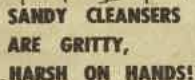
well-hilled, well-clothed stomachs jostled one another. And Sir James' grin was the most confident, the most contented of all. He kept his smile like a white flag of truce across his face, while behind it he busily rallied his forces. He was composing an aural version of his quarterly pep talk for Air Enterprise employees as the little group's smiling lips were licked and gummed into position.

"Now, Sir James . . . what'll it be? What's your message? The real secret of success?" The reporter was bundling up his apparatus. He flung an impatient glance at Sir James' smiling, absent face. Recalled from his pep talk Sir James

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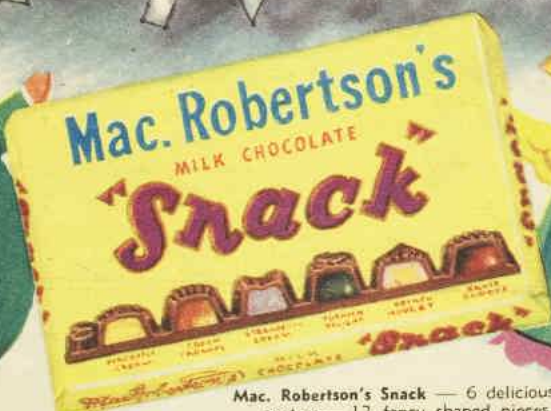
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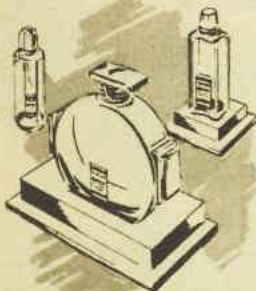
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5/3



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Continuing

The Proving Flight

from page 55

brought forth the word so unhappily occupying the intricate tracts inside his impressive head.

"Co-operation," he said firmly, "co-operation. The get-together."

He gathered the remnants of his jollity around him for the farwells, the humping on of coats, and the leisurely descent down the marble steps to the waiting cars. From a group just a little way behind Hal Matherson's voice boomed out.

"You know," he was saying to some anonymous grunter of assent, "there's just one thing'd make me happier about this Bermuda trip. My two little ladies. Y'know, Clare and Janine. They'll be hopping mad if their Mum and Dad make that first Emperor trip... and they get left behind!"

"Guess so." Hal Matherson ruminated for a moment. "Reckon it was a pretty open invitation." "Guess so," said the voice. "Wouldn't be surprised if the whole Matherson family is meant to be included on that invitation!"

By the time the other voice said "Guess so," Sir James was safely in the car.

The telephone was ringing when he let himself into his suite.

He picked up the receiver. "Jolliffe," he said.

"Crutwell speaking, sir." The engine-designer's voice sounded elated. "At last we're really getting somewhere!"

"Fine work! Fine work!" "Been working all day, sir." "You and Eastlake must be tired."

"All in a good cause, sir." "Of course... of course! And what have you found?" "It's not the engines, sir."

"What was that you said?" "It's not the engines, sir. We've been right through them and—"

"I don't want to know what it isn't! I want to know what it is!" There was a very long pause. Then the Chairman asked, more quietly, "Crutwell... what is it?"

"Well... we can't tell yet, sir. That'll take time."

"I must know." "I realise that, sir. We'll start work again first thing tomorrow."

"I must know by tomorrow!"

"Eastlake and I have to get some sleep, sir. After all—"

"Crutwell... this has now developed into an affair of national importance. D'you hear what I'm telling you? National importance!"

"But, sir!"

"Don't waste your time arguing with me, Mr. Crutwell. Get back to that aeroplane! I'll give you twenty-four hours flat to get the Emperor serviceable!"

It started off blustery on Tuesday morning, full of wind and the sky grey with rain. But Sir James was unaware of the weather outside. He sat in his suite, with Payton by his side, only aware of his own utter isolation in a foreign land.

He was like a General who had advanced too far ahead of his own troops. This was the sort of victory that turned out in the end to be a smashing defeat.

"A triumph... last night!" he said to Payton, perhaps just to hear the reassuring sound of that victorious word again in his ear.

"Certainly was, sir! You had them cold!"

The Chairman looked sharply across at the future

Line Manager. "They became most interested in the Emperor... if that's what you mean, Payton. They were generosity itself! The least we can do now is to give Mr. and Mrs. Matherson a ride down to Bermuda on the Emperor."

"The very least, sir," Payton paused before asking tentatively, "You've phoned the airport this morning, sir?"

"They're still working," Sir James said shortly. "No change."

The telephone by his side rang out, loud and confident. "Perhaps it's the airport," Payton said, brightening.

But it wasn't. It was Amos Appleside, Electra Aviation. "You remember me, Sir James, last night?"

"Yes," the Chairman said. "I remember."

"You've got a mighty fine aeroplane in that Emperor, sir! That's my belief!"

"Yes," the Chairman said. "That's my belief, too."

"Big, too."

"Very big."

"How many passenger seats did you say you had, sir?"

"A hundred and sixty on this luxury version."

There was a long whistle on the other end. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, pointedly, "You must have a lot of empty seats down to Bermuda, sir."

Too late the Chairman said quickly, "I don't think you quite understand, Mr. Appleside."

"Oh, yes, I do, sir! You told me you'd got seven passengers with you. I heard Matherson hitch a ride from you last night. That leaves you a hundred and fifty-two buckshee seats to Bermuda!"

"Mrs. Matherson will be coming along, too."

"Well... a hundred and fifty-one then."

"And their two daughters."

"Well... a hundred and forty-nine then. Now I've got a free couple days... and we're very interested here in Electra in turbo-props... bit cold in New York... hear they're having a heat-wave in Bermuda. Now I'm going to be what you English call blunt and come straight to the point, Sir James. Since you're letting the Mathersons in on the ride, perhaps—"

Knowing he was trapped the Chairman tried to bring a gracious lilt into acknowledging a reverse: "Of course, Mr. Appleside. We'd be glad to have you with us. One o'clock Thursday—"

"—and my wife and young Amos. That little boy is... as you can guess, sir... mighty keen on aeroplanes. Just the three of us in our little family."

"We'd be delighted, Mr. Appleside. Delighted."

When he put the receiver down the Chairman just had time to say, "It's getting more important than ever to get that aeroplane fixed," when the telephone rang again.

It was Silkenstein of Sky High Octane Fuels.

"Yes," Sir James said. "Yes... yes... yes... yes... yes. Delighted. One o'clock Thursday."

Moodily, he rang off and made a note of it. "That's another four," he said. "Certainly gets around."

The telephone pealed out again. Zweigler of Deep Tread Tyres. Within a minute he was on board, too.

As Sir James said to Payton, "Nothing else I can do!"

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I can't accept one . . . and turn down another!"

"Of course you can't, sir."

The telephone rang again. For the next hour it was constantly ringing and half the Emperor's seats had been taken. The smooth plumpness of Sir James' forehead was now wrinkled with lines. "One thing's certain, Payton," he said, "we can't let a little journey over Labrador stop us now!"

"Well, Miss Knight," Captain Cavendish said, gallantly opening the taxi door so that the girl could step out first, "after that . . . I think we owe ourselves a drink."

While he paid off the driver Angela stood quite still on the sidewalk, her hands clasped in front of her. He could feel her eyes on him, just as he had felt them during the television interview, gentle and helpless as two soft brown animals waiting all the time for his protection.

He strode over to her and took her arm, half to steer her through the crowds as they hustled on every known compass heading towards lunch, half to shield her from them. "A bit overpowering at first . . . all this coming and going."

She nodded and smiled up at him rather shyly and primly as they twisted their way in and out of the crush.

"Not far now . . . just down here and to the right . . . there's a little place . . . nice and quiet and—" He had almost added refined, a word he abominated, but somehow a rather suitable one to use to Miss Knight. "And restful," he finished.

"Good." She let him usher her in to the warm dusk of the bar, so different from the noise outside and the lights and the voices of the television studio. She stood for a moment, not sure, he knew, whether to choose a table and walk towards it, to let him guide her or to wait the orders of the head waiter.

"I think over there in the corner would be pleasant enough. What d'you think?"

She nodded. Now that he had told her what to do she did it well, moving across the polished floor with quietness and grace.

When the waiter came he guided her choice to a good dry sherry and then sat back

Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

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in his chair watching her pale face, her rather large nervous hands, and the little way she had of flicking her head back as though her hair, instead of being cropped to a fashionable cut, was a long, silky mane that she kept tossing behind her.

It was a long time since he had protected, guided, advised a young and attractive woman. It took him back thirty years to his own courtship with his wife. To the first glass of shandy she had ever sipped in the riverside pub at Barnes. She'd been shy like this. He had, too, of course, but he hadn't been able to show it. He was, even then, the sort of man who looks as though he knows his way around. And just because he did sooner or

Minutes passed by. At last Angela looked up at him and said timidly, "D'you think it was all right, sir?"

He looked at her silently for a moment. Then he said broodingly, "Was what all right?"

"The television interview. D'you think Sir James would be"—she was going to say pleased, but after looking at his face she finished with—"satisfied?"

Cavendish gave his shoulders a shake, and as the waiter passed by ordered two more sherries. "Oh, the television . . . of course! Yes." He stroked his moustache and nodded. "Indeed yes, I do.

managed to add some quite apt remark of her own.

He had felt good about that, about his little effort for her, and like donors of good deeds the world over his own heart had warmed towards her.

"If he is," she said suddenly. "If Sir James is pleased . . . it's you that . . . well, did it!" Her eyes, her voice, her mouth were all very earnest.

"Come, come, Miss Knight!" He laughed and the warmth of his own pleasure ran through him more kindly and pleasantly than the comfort of the liquor. "I hardly think Sir James would agree. Or the viewers. I'm not," he said, "exactly photogenic."

"Oh, but you are!" Angela said, so vehemently that he raised his iron-grey eyebrows and they both laughed.

"But . . . well," the girl went on, "you look so . . . so

Cavendish said, "You're making me quite nervous!"

"So strong! Someone to trust! Like . . . like—" She was going to say like Daddy, but then, with an instinctive feminine tact, she said instead, "like a rock!" Her eyes were misty. "Who'd always be there"—her voice was quite definitely husky—"when you needed them."

Surprised by an outburst like that it did not occur to him to lay the blame for it on the Emperor. He kept quite still for a moment, eyeing her bowed head a little anxiously and thoughtfully. He was allergic to weepy women, but there was something about her sincerity that had touched him deeply.

At last she said, "I'm sorry. I'm afraid I said too much. If I offended you—"

"But you didn't at all!" He smiled. "It's just— Memories of the landing leapt up in his mind, dissolving his pompousness, his dignity, his pride.

"Not true," he added quickly.

"Oh, but it is!" she said hotly. "It is true. I feel . . . safe when I fly with you."

She drew a quick, nervous breath. "And I'm not the only one. Lots of the girls in the catering section . . . they try to fly with you. I've heard them ask!"

"Well, let's not argue!" He smiled across at her and on an impulse patted her hand. "That was one of the nicest things anyone has ever said to me."

They sipped their drinks companionably. "If I was to order lunch in the dining-room would you care to have it with me, Miss Knight? I know the food here. It's particularly pleasant."

"I'd like that . . . very much."

As they walked through the glass doors into the grill-room Cavendish said, "You know, I'd enjoy my lunch a great deal more if we dropped all this Captain Cavendish stuff. My name's Charles."

"And mine—" "Is Angela. I heard you tell the producer. It suits you admirably."

The girl's face was a little pink as she allowed the waiter to settle her in the chair.

They talked about this and that over the shrimp cocktail and the fried chicken. Over the ice-cream airline personalities were beginning to crop up. And above the smooth surface of the coffee the Emperor had begun to cast the shadow of her wings. It was inevitable, he supposed. But momentarily he wished, though not so vehemently as he might have done earlier on, that it hadn't.

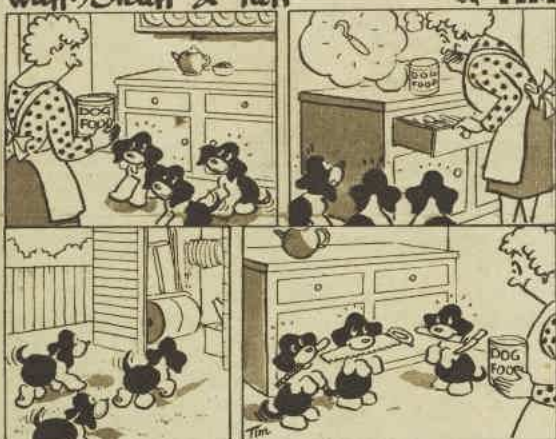
"You weren't nervous?"

"Oh, but I was!" Her eyes

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



later he'd had to find out how to live up to it.

"Cheers!" Angela said, just as Mary had thirty years ago, and sipped a lipful of the stuff with distaste.

"Cheers!" Captain Cavendish said, thinking that now it was Mary who was the expert on liquor, as indeed of most other things, not excluding airlines.

The thought of aircraft recalled him to less pleasant thoughts. He took a mouthful of the sherry and gazed moodily across the table at Angela. Immediately her own face clouded over.

I should say Sir James would be satisfied. More than satisfied. Pleased!"

It had, after all, not gone off too badly. As always, the producer had had a pow-wow with them beforehand about interesting things to say. "Now what, Captain, was your most exciting experience in the air?"

"Perhaps Miss Knight could tell us how she likes her job, why she chose it, what she thinks of American men, and what was her unforgettable moment?" Miss Knight had blushed quite obviously at that, though why on earth he couldn't then or now decide.

"And tell us," the interviewer had gone on, "just what it feels like on the newest and fastest aeroplane on the North Atlantic?"

The interviewer had sat between them. Captain Cavendish had at first kept his eyes on the polished tips of his own black shoes, then let them hop on to the interviewer's sporty sueded, and, a bit higher this time, to Miss Knight's high-heeled courts and well-shaped ankles.

Then, remembering the eyes of America, he had managed a few straight looks at the camera and then gone back to his own large (heaven knew) capable enough looking hands and then across to Angela's, so calmly folded in her lap, while all the time, surreptitiously, the thumbnail of her right hand dug into the pad of her first finger.

There was only one moment when he'd realised she'd been tongue-tied. Her small mouth had opened and closed and then wobbled terrifyingly, but he had managed to come forward with an experience of his own—a duststorm in the desert or something—and had then brought her in neatly at the end with, "Of course you weren't with me then, Miss Knight, but you were that time we flew to Montreal with the load of . . ." And she had remembered, and she had smiled, and then she had



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looked across at him almost indignantly. "Nearly all the way over. When we were in Iceland . . . I felt like asking not to go on!"

"Whatever for?" Cavendish's voice was rich and steady. "Because it was a new aeroplane? Was that it?" She nodded. "Partly. But that wasn't all. And, anyway . . . I was right! There was trouble in the end. Wasn't there?"

He drew a deep breath. This was more or less where they'd come in. Where he came in, at any rate. So they'd felt that bump just as badly at the back. Even now perhaps people were talking about it. Sir James had obviously been thinking over the age of his most senior pilot. The Flight Engineer and the rest of the crew, too, no doubt.

He looked across at her gravely. "You felt it very much at the back, did you?"

She nodded. "We were strapped in, of course. Even so, some of the passengers fell heavily against one another." She put her hand to her mouth as the picture of the cabin and the fear and the disorder filled her mind. "And we didn't know how far away from a landing field we were . . . you remember?"

As a matter of fact he hardly did. It had taken him a moment to realise that she was, after all, talking about the happenings over Labrador. Not about his own mishandled landing, which for him had blotted out all the previous frets and worries of the crossing. His face cleared. Nothing

Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 59

that had happened up in Labrador could be blamed on him.

"You see, it doesn't worry you, because you've been through it so often before. But I was frightened! I thought we'd never make New York!"

"And then the weather there was bad," he smiled grimly. After all, it was an extenuating circumstance.

"Awful," Angela said, and shuddered.

"And we were piled up in the stack!"

"Yes, we seemed to go round and round. In cloud . . . all the time!" Angela took a sip of her coffee and colored a deep pink. He watched her carefully. Already he had learned this faint blushing was a sure and certain prelude to making a remark that had touched her deeply. Now would come the question of the landing. For a moment he chided himself that the most senior member of the Company's aircrew should be watching with anxiety for a remark from one of its most junior. But he excused himself with something about out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, and waited.

"But I wasn't afraid, then," she said. "I knew you'd get us in safely." She hid her face again in her cup. "And you did!" Her eyes were shining. "You brought us in! First time! Straight on to the runway!"

With a great crump at the end, he thought grimly, that cracked a strut on the oleo leg. But perhaps, after all, it hadn't felt so bad in the cabin. It was just possible that they'd hardly noticed it. It felt worse to him, because he'd been so keyed up about it all. And that man Bellamy certainly hadn't made it easier for him.

"Not a very smooth landing, I'm afraid," he said. "I could see the lights come up from out of the mist and then . . . suddenly we were safely on the ground!"

And that, of course, was the whole point. He had got them

in safely. After a gruelling flight. In a brand new aeroplane. In bad weather. With fuel running low. As he'd often said, on the North Atlantic it was experience that counted. That sixth sense that put safety first. A polished smooth landing was often the most dangerous. What did a bump or two (or a cracked strut that could be replaced in a few hours) matter? He'd been getting things out of proportion. And now at last they were settling down again into their right perspective.

Nobody, when you came to think about it, could really call him old. He looked across the table at this twenty-four-year-old girl and realised that certainly he was experienced, but for all that—he was still in the prime of life.

The coffee was finished. The bill on the plate was hinting at departure. Angela Knight was putting on her gloves. But Cavendish did not put on his own. Postponing their parting he suggested, "How about an hour or two in the cinema, Angela? Let's watch someone entertain us!"

It was pleasant to have his invitation accepted so readily and with such touching gratitude. They swung along in step down the sun-bright sidewalk and went inside the first cinema they came to without looking to see what was showing.

Inside, once more in the darkness, he took her hand. It lay quietly and trustfully in his. And as though she had deposited all cares and worries with it she gave her undivided, rapt attention to the screen.

It was evening by the time they came out. And now it would have seemed churlish to take her back to the hotel without tea. He knew just the place where they served real English teas. Best of all, the manageress knew him personally.

A kind of gentle authority, a feeling of maturity and wisdom was over him now like a comfortable garment. His age remained unalterable, but the residue of the years was no longer a clogging metabolism that was slowing his brain and his muscles and his mind. It was a fine mature wine . . . a liqueur . . . an essence. Rich in experience and thought.

It was only this supersensitive thoughtfulness which had made him so touchy about the landing. He was a perfectionist. After all these years a bad landing hurt him. Any of the youngsters, with the exception of Bellamy, would have passed it off and forgotten all about it.

He saw Angela looking at him over the homely tea-table and he smiled. Fifty-odd wasn't old, he thought, if a man was fit and virile. Her eyes were no longer timid. They watched him openly and happily. He

held out his cup for more tea so that he could watch her while she poured.

Half an hour later they were almost back at the hotel. At the corner, just in front of it, they paused. They were oddly at peace. They seemed to fit in so well, both giving and taking, one to the other, one from the other, each other's separate, single need.

Angela's face was turned up to the pilot's and he could see how well the clear skin, the dark eyes, and the red mouth kept their youthful prettiness even in this harsh, unkind light.

With almost ponderous courtesy he took off his uniform cap and bent down to touch his lips gently on her white forehead, just before the beginnings of her dark hair. It wasn't the sort of kiss Mary, his wife, would have minded in the least if she'd seen it. It was, if he'd known it, just the sort of kiss Daddy would give her at this sort of time and in this sort of place.

He could hear the movements of people along the side-

walk, the almost rhythmic roar of the traffic. But he only really knew the touch of her cool skin, the hand laid on his arm, as though to hold him a second or two longer, and the pleasure of this day.

Then they both drew back and smiled without embarrassment.

"Thank you for a lovely day," she said.

"Thank you," he said.

In the mid-afternoon the doctor held the telephone receiver against his ear with his left hand. In his right hand was a single sheet of dazzling vellum, beautifully typed in blue.

There was a click. Then: "Joliffe." The Chairman's voice sounded much farther away than the eight hundred odd yards that separated the two hotels.

"This is Enderby-Browne, sir. I have some extraordinarily good news."

"You, have?" The words came rushing down the line

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Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

I HEARD a woman proudly telling another woman she had just got her licence to drive a car. The other said: "Oh, how wonderful! Tell me, what do you do if you start to go back on a hill when another car is behind you?"

The new driver said: "Oh, you don't have to worry about the car behind you. It's got to look after itself."

£2/2/- awarded to S.B., Melbourne.

JUST LIKE A MAN

I RECENTLY celebrated my 30th birthday. The following morning my husband commented:

"What a nice trim figure you have—for a woman approaching 40."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. P. O'Grady, 41 Bridge Street, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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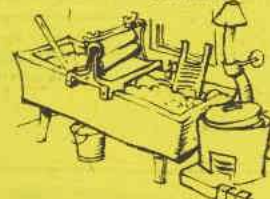
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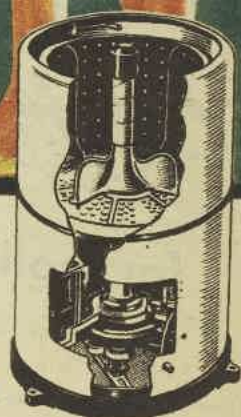


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Turner agitator action washes clothes clean as new: Turner spin-dries dryer than wringer-dry

Your Turner saves you hours of time and hard work, and does everything that more expensive machines do. Yet it costs only 98 guineas or 102 guineas with a built-in heater. You can do a complete wash in minutes—put your washing in at the top—no bending, no backache... flick a lever and the 2-way pump fills for you! Turn a switch and the water heats! A flick of your wrist and the gentle "cradle" agitator action—proved the most effective way to get clothes really clean—chases the dirt right out of your washing—out

and away through holes in the vitreous enamel, snag-proof basket. Only the Turner Sapphire can give you agitator action, plus an amazing exclusive patent which prevents wear to clothes—a cushion of water, floating between your clothes and the agitator—double protection for delicate fabrics. A whole load washes clean as new while you're off doing your housework. Then just touch a lever and the 2-way pump immediately empties out the water... pours in the cold! Rinsing, blueing, spin-drying take just a few seconds and your spotlessly clean washing is ready to hang on the line, drier than wringer-dry.

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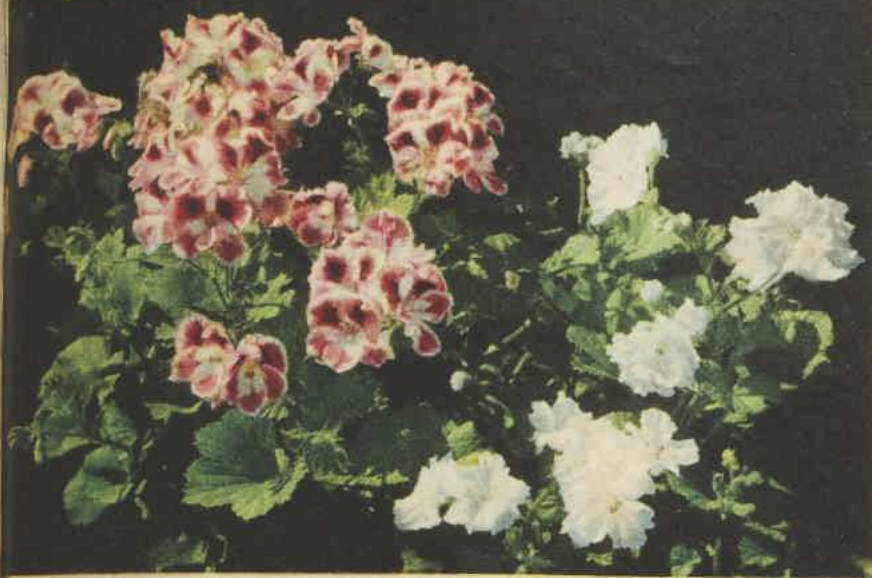
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HARDY PLANTS FOR HOT, DRY AREAS

● With thought, work, and care, a garden can blossom in hot, dry, poor-soil districts.

IN such districts, gardening is often a heartache to beginners who try to grow plants that are out of their element.

Many people, too, have to rely on tanks, dams, and wells for watering.

Native plants, shrubs, and trees are usually the mainstay of gardens in hot, arid country. But if the soil is well prepared and built up with organic materials (such as manure and compost) to make it hold water, many introduced plants will thrive.

Best results will be achieved where the water supply is pure and free from alkali and other injurious minerals and where the rainfall is comparatively regular and moderately generous.

But there are good gardens even in low-rainfall districts, where gardeners have spared no trouble to work the soil and improve its fertility and moisture-holding capacity.

Cacti and water-storing succulents, which are powerfully drought-resistant, are almost the only answer to "What shall I grow?" in places where little work can be done: where the soil is poor and water scarce.

If the soil is of poor structure, sandy, light, and porous, build it up with generous supplies of animal or poultry manure, and dig in green crops or decomposed vegetable matter to make it hold moisture and feed plant life.

Heavy soil needs organic material or any form of humus (decayed vegetable matter), some sand, or chemicals that will improve the crumb and texture to make it less hard.

Sand alone is unsuitable. If the soil is hard and heavy and contains nothing but clay, humus in large quantities solves the problem. Sand will help, but it only makes the soil more porous without adding nutrients.

Many native plants are hardy and will thrive where rainfall is from ten to 12 inches a year.

They include hoveas, cassias, some of the grevilleas, wattles, hakeas, bottlebrushes, Darling lilies, burchardias, pink myrtles, many everlasting flowers, isopogons (drumsticks), Geraldton wax plants, banksias, dryandras, lambertias, verticordias, and red-centred hibiscus.

A number of introduced flowers, planted in soil that has been well dug over and manured, will repay care if they are well watered from seed-sowing until established.

These include Californian poppy, linaria,

PELARGONIUMS (above) are colorful and, once established, will stand up to drought conditions. Chinese poppies (below) also thrive without constant watering. They should be left where they are sown; they do not transplant well.



candytuft, French marigolds, Siberian wall flowers, foxglove, hollyhock, forget-me-not, and the common nasturtium.

Perennials in this group are achilleas, alysum saxatile, anthemis, aubrietia, dianthus (pinks), erigeron, kniphofia, sedums, verbascums, and statice.

Gaillardias (annual and perennial) stand up to a lot of drought, and so will godetias, coreopsis, salvia, ageratum, celosia, portulaca, verbenas, most irises, saxifragas, pentstemons, and, to a lesser degree, snapdragons.

It is surprising, too, how long geraniums and their cousins, the pelargoniums, will withstand drought and poor soil, although they respond so well to good soil and care.

Climbing plants such as hardenbergia (false sarsaparilla), kennedias (do better as trailers), sollya, honeysuckle, mandevilla, wistaria, and rhynchospermum will thrive everywhere except in the coldest districts, and will soon cover old fences, stumps, or unsightly buildings

in dry districts.

Many eucalypts, particularly the mallee types, some of which produce good flowers, make ideal windbreaks and specimen trees.

Where manure cannot be obtained in any quantity and the soil is of poor water-holding capacity, a green crop (oats, rye, field-peas, lupins), sown after rain in late summer or early autumn, should be dug in at the flowering stage. This adds much nitrogen and humus to the ground.

In this way infertile soil can be made fertile eventually.

To build fertility in poor soil is a slow job. Therefore whatever manure or compost is available should be used in small areas and not wasted over big patches.

Artificial fertilisers such as blood and bone add lasting nutriment to the soil, but the others are mostly stimulants and their effect is temporary.

They add vigor, strength, and growth to most plant life if used in moderation, but should not be relied on to take the place of organic matter.

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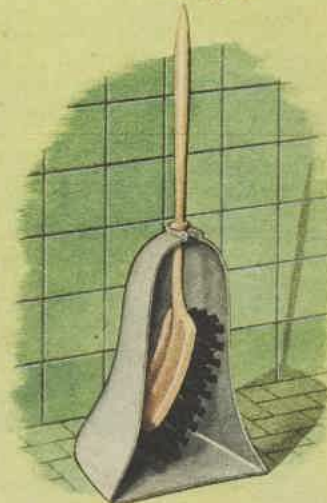
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"I've been out all afternoon. Lunch with All American Aero lasted late. That's why."
"The only trouble is — maybe it means an alteration in the programme."

"I won't hear of it, Browne. I tell you! Won't hear of it!"
There was a frigid, painful silence. Then, in a flat, disappointed voice, Enderby-Browne said, "Oh."

"Well — come on! What did they tell you?"
"It doesn't matter now, sir."

"Of course it matters now!"
"They didn't tell me anything. The Canford Institute invited me. My lecture — the earthly body in the sky. On Saturday."

The silence this time was longer still. It was a full minute before the Chairman said, "I'm sorry, doctor. You had me mixed up for a moment."

"I thought in any case there was a good chance of the Emperor still being here over the weekend," Enderby-Browne suggested early.

But the Chairman did not apparently hear him. "I know you'll be disappointed to miss the flight. However, an unexpected chance like this —"

"I can assure you it was quite unexpected, sir. I met a Mrs. Lepage at the convention of the Daughters of the American Air, which you asked me to attend. We had a most interesting talk. I had no idea that her husband was the president of the Canford Institute."

Rather surprisingly, what sounded like a low chuckle came from the other end of the line. "You can thank the Emperor's success for the invitation, then, doctor. You see now, don't you, how one thing brings on another?"

Enderby-Browne did not see it, either now or before. He had never considered the correlation of the Emperor's pub-

Continuing . . .

licity and this sudden, belated recognition of his efforts. He said stiffly, "It's a very great honor, Sir James, rarely bestowed on foreign —"

"Of course it is! The Company's very proud of you, doctor. I insist on you staying. We shall have to manage without you."

"Thank you, Sir James." Enderby-Browne's voice glowed with gratitude. "Thank you very much indeed."

Immediately he put down the receiver the doctor went over to the top drawer of the desk to get his notes. He became so engrossed in sorting out his work he did not hear the first knock on the door.

The second was very much louder.

"Come in," he called.
Turning his head he was surprised to see Captain Payton.

"I wonder, doctor," the future Line Manager said, his voice lowered as though every tightly closed door guarded a sleepless patient, "I wonder if I might have a talk with you?"

The doctor waved him in.
Payton came to the point fairly slowly. He talked about this and that. He inquired after the doctor's researches. Then he said, "It's really about myself, doctor."

Enderby-Browne pursed his lips professionally. "Yes?"

Payton took out his cigarette-case. His hands weren't quite steady. "This may surprise you, doctor. But I feel a bit — well, strained. Tired. Off my food. Shivery. Jaded."

The doctor nodded his head at the end of every symptom that Payton produced. Puffing hard on his cigarette the man went on: "Not at all myself." Puff. "Bad taste in my mouth." Puff. "Heartburn." Puff. "Nausea." Puff. "Headache."

The doctor kept his head on one side. "Mmm," he murmured thoughtfully. "Mmm — go on."

Payton looked slightly put out. "Well — that's about it. Oh," he puffed again nervously, "and last night I had

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a pain across here." He rubbed the area around his waist.

"Mmmm," Dr. Enderby-Browne said again. And then, after a pause, "Worried about anything?"

"Well," Captain Payton waved his hand and smiled thinly. "Of course I am. I mean . . ."

"You mean about the flight over?"

"Oh, not that, doctor!" Captain Payton laughed. "But I do think," he said slowly and judiciously, "that maybe at my age you feel this business of pressurisation and long hours a bit more."

The doctor nodded his head vigorously. "You're probably still a bit tired."

"That's another thing, doctor," Payton said eagerly. "Can't get any sleep."

The doctor corrected himself, "Over-tired. Not surprising. Your body hasn't made up the sleep you lost on the trip over. And now, all these parties! All this excitement! All the same . . . if you'd take off your jacket and shirt —"

The doctor examined his patient with infinite care. At the end of an exhausting half-hour, he said, "Captain Payton, there's only one thing I'm going to prescribe for you."

Payton said quickly, "And what's that, doctor?"
"You're going to the American Airlines' party tonight?"

"Of course. There's a number of highly influential —"

"Don't go."
"The Chairman will expect . . . perhaps for my future job —"

"Don't go," the doctor said, a little more loudly.

"To get acquainted with other managers . . ."

"Captain Payton," the doctor said very decisively, "my prescription is not to go to the party tonight."

Payton looked at him hard. "You mean —"
"I mean there's nothing the

matter with you a night's rest won't cure."

"That's good!" Payton laughed a little shakily. "For an awful moment I thought you were going to say I'd better go into dock here for a week's observation. I'd have missed the Emperor's biggest moment."

"How d'you mean . . . biggest moment?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Half the American aviation industry are trying to come down with us to Bermuda on Thursday."

"They are?" The surprise on Enderby-Browne's face changed to cautious inquiry. "Have they . . . have they found out the trouble?"

"With the Emperor?" Payton shook his head. "Not that I know."

"Yet she'll still leave on Thursday?"

In a dead voice, as though all feeling had been anaesthetised out of it, Payton replied, "She'll leave on Thursday, all right. With a full load." He rose to his feet. "Well . . . thank you, doctor. I'll stay in tonight, then . . . if you say so."

Left on his own Enderby-Browne shook his head thoughtfully. Of course, it was perfectly obvious. The man was worried sick that Sir James would leave on schedule, serviceable aircraft or not. He'd had a bad fright over Labrador. He didn't want another.

There was no doubt about it, life was queer. Here were a lot of people trying to get on something at the same time as a lot of others were trying just as hard to get off it.

It was an observation well worth noting. He crossed over to his desk to put it down.

After noting it, he began to rearrange his lecture for American consumption. The very first words were difficult. How did one address a gathering of such an assembly as the Canford Institute?

Ladies and gentlemen?—too formal, much too cold.

Physicians?—there would be a good many surgeons there. Fellow doctors?—not accurate, there would be research workers, scientists. American colleagues?—too like a business organisation.

A smile lit up his face. Of course! That was it! In a surprisingly neat hand he began to write on the top of the blank sheet of foolscap.

And then he stopped. His hand rubbed his chin. All of a sudden his mind had been flooded with the picture of the other fifteen inhabitants of the Emperor, his charges, going off into the unknown without him.

He gazed round the room. He stared out of the window. He looked at his pile of notes. At last, very reluctantly, he allowed his eyes to drop down on the page in front of them to re-read the words he had just written: "Fellow servants of humanity . . ."

High above the hum of Fifth Avenue that evening Lalette finished her dressing and make-up with a kind of uninspired precision. Then seeing that it was close on seven-thirty she went out, wishing she wasn't going.

She got out of the lift at the Mezzanine and walked with exaggerated slowness towards the first door. She felt a reassuring number of heads turned as she went, noted them, counted them up, clasped them around her for protection. Inside the mezzanine lounge the atmosphere had turned a deep electric rose. More people in their smarter clothes drank more and smiled more, and filled the air with a simmer of conversation.

"Hello, Lalette, there you are!" Andrew Bellamy came up behind her and took her arm. "On time, too!"

"Hello."

"You're looking pretty nice." "Thank you, Andrew. That makes me feel nice." She let him lead her to a table just inside the door.

"Come and sit down and I'll buy you a sherry. On the

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Company." He grinned down at her. "If you're good."

"I am."

When he had ordered whisky for himself, sherry for her, he said suddenly, "You know something, Lalette?"

"No."

"You always make me feel better."

"Do I?" Her mouth curved gently. "Quite often . . . you do the same to me."

"Heaven knows why!"

"And it won't tell." She looked at him out of the corners of her blue eyes. "Not always, though."

"Not always what?"

"Make me feel better."

"Like Iceland, for instance?"

She nodded her head gravely.

"Like Iceland."

"That's because you were wrong."

"I know. That makes it worse. Much worse." She gave him a little sideways smile.

"Drink up your sherry and let's get off on the job. How's Chris?"

"Fine."

"And your mother?"

"The same."

"And you?"

"Am I forgiven?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm the same, too."

He lifted his whisky. "Cheers, then!"

"Cheers!" she said, and then, still in the same voice, "Disappointed it isn't Angela?"

"No."

She finished her sherry slowly, watching the ebb and flow of the room's mixed tide, hearing the sugar-waterfall roar of dozens of cocktail-time talks.

Bellamy looked at his watch. "Like another before we go?"

Lalette shook her head.

"In that case . . ." Bellamy got up and held out her coat.

Then he followed her down the staircase and across the foyer.

Once inside the taxi she settled in her corner and looked across at him. Even if he hadn't been in uniform you would have known that that was his normal dress. The thick strong neck, the clean line of his jaw, and that economy of movement produced that indefinable air of authority that uniform was supposed to give. Sometimes, she thought rather sadly, it was as though the uniform had irretrievably moulded the man.

"Lalette?"

"Yes?" She turned to him.

He was back on the job now. She could see it in his eyes and the set of his mouth. Duty had to be done. A job lay ahead. He had metaphorically put his cap back on. She might have been any female sitting there. She might, for that matter, have been Hamilton.

She folded her hands in her lap, eyed her faultlessly groomed and unnoticed hands, and waited patiently for the briefing.

"You've heard about the Air League?"

"A little. Only vaguely."

"It's an organisation of aircraft manufacturers and airline executives."

"I see."

"Now, when we get there —"

"Yes?"

"I'll introduce you around. You won't be lonely."

"No."

"And . . . I shouldn't drink too much if I were you."

"No."

"And don't talk too much."

"No."

"Don't say anything much about the Emperor."

"No."

"Nor about the trip over."

"No." Then after a moment she said in a deceptively meek voice, "Is there anything I can do too much?"

"Nothing."

"In other words, I'm to be the usual stuffed shirt?"

"Nicer shirt," Bellamy grinned. "And better stuffed. But that's more or less the idea."

The cab slid in front of the Fourth Avenue portico of the Van Dyck hotel. Bellamy said, "Well . . . this is it."

Two green-uniformed porters stood waiting on the pink-stained pavement outside. Gathering her skirt up daintily, Lalette stepped down from the cab.

They both watched the lift

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indicator in silence as it marked them up to the second floor.

"Sure you're all right?" Bellamy looked down at her. "Not nervous or anything?"

She half shook her head and smiled. As they walked down the corridor towards the Connaught suite they could hear a soft sustained murmur leaking out from the solid oak doors.

"Anything more you want me to tell you?"

This time, Lalette shook her head vehemently. She put her hand on his arm. "Andrew."

"Yes?"

"I'm not exactly bubbling

the reception. The steady noise swelled and disintegrated into all its various ingredients: male and female voices in talk and laughter, soft movements of feet on the sponge-thick carpet, rustling of dresses, clinking of glasses, the rattle and rasp of crushed ice in the silver bowls and the frosted jugs. But as though the party was geared to a mechanical inhibitor, the voices, the footfalls, and the laughter never rose above the rich discretion of the room.

Lalette, after walking the ten-mile-long few paces into the room, stood a little behind Bellamy.

"And this is Miss Green-acres," Bellamy was saying to



over now," she said half wryly, half sweetly. "If I get any more advice . . . I'll get pricked like a balloon."

Bellamy frowned and went on staring at her. With his hand on the door he felt suddenly impatient and tired. The noise of the party became a meaningless drone, and Lalette's eyes, clear and blue as summer skies, looked as good and sweet a place as anywhere for a weary airman to rest. He frowned more deeply, remembering the taxi ride, its dark seclusion, the heavy smell of Lalette's perfume.

Then he opened the door to

Mr. Isherwood, Manager of Atlantic Airways.

"Well that's a very pretty name for a very pretty lady! But I guess her other is prettier still."

"Lalette," she said simply.

Mr. Isherwood slapped his thigh. "Say now . . . didn't I tell you! Lalette! Well, fancy that! French, isn't it?"

"I had a French grandmother," Lalette smiled up at him.

"I knew it! Cutest name I heard in a long, long time!" He gave Bellamy a grin. "Now Captain Bellamy here will be talking with these other guys

about what keeps aeroplanes moving. You and me, Lalette, we'll go and meet Mrs. Isherwood. Laura!"

He led her away, but their passage was disputed. There were introductions, compliments, half-completed conversations. As if to wipe away Bellamy's prosaic advice, every voice seemed to tell her she was pretty, every face that they liked her. Her head whirled with countless Sid's and Mac's and Dan's and Eddie's. She broke off half-way through answering one question, to start on another by someone else.

She couldn't remember why she became an air hostess, whether she liked flying, how long she'd been doing it, what she thought of the Emperor, or if all the girls back home were like her. What she could remember was that they were loving her and that Andrew Bellamy must see that, at least in some men's eyes, she was pretty and attractive and good to know.

Eventually they made the small table where Laura was in a huddle with two other wives. Laura raised her hand, heavy with rings, and said, "Say, we might have known Brett wasn't wasting any time, eh?" And they all laughed.

"This is Lalette!" Brett Isherwood put his arm round her waist and gave her a little push forward. Laura put out her hand and said, "I'm glad to know you," and squeezed so hard that Lalette could feel the rings cut into her fingers. She couldn't remember the other names. But they all smiled and nodded and welcomed her as though they really meant it.

Under their exquisite dresses, their so-real jewels, the beautiful hair-do's, and the expensive corsages, they were cosy and warm and human. Among business and aeroplanes and pay loads and passenger psychology, they formed a happy oasis of delightful femininity. As one cocktail followed another they talked of shops and bargains and dresses; nylon pleating and its permanency, shampoos, diets, babies, and husbands.

"And now, dear," Laura Isherwood said as Bellamy came over to stand beside them. "I do believe your boy-friend's getting out of patience waiting for you!"

Bellamy was talking cautiously about the Emperor to a couple of airline presidents who had expressed the possibility of buying a few; but from time to time he had been looking over at Lalette.

The few feet of floor that separated them seemed to have grown. It was as though, for the first time, he was seeing her clearly. Before tonight the vision of her as Chris's younger sister on brief leaves in the R.A.F. had overlain every more recent one. Even the sight of her neatly dressed in the same company uniform as himself, being on the same crew, had not altered it.

He had taken her out from time to time, as he had taken out lots of girls. Or he'd bought her a beer or a cup of coffee on different trips. That is if she'd happened to be around, and if he'd happened to think about it.

And now he was noticing her low-cut dress and seeing the line of her throat and the redness of her mouth, and for some inexplicable reason it made him irritable and angry. Not with himself, but with her.

There were several more men who wanted to meet her, and after a while he reluctantly fished her out of her small safe backwater and launched her once more into the noisy stream. He stuck it for about half an hour. The monotonous sameness of the compliments got under his skin. So did the sight of Lalette rather enjoying it. So did the knowledge that there was a lot to be done if this trip was to be completed successfully and safely.

"Time we went," he said to Lalette at last, and walked over to make his goodbyes.

The comfort of being liked had warmed Lalette in its deceptively rosy glow. The

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Worry, rushed meals, anxiety, cause . . .

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goodbyes and see-you-again's were the triumphant finale. She took her coat from the cloakroom and let Bellamy put it round her shoulders. Inside the taxi, she said, "Did we do all right?"

"I think so."
"Did I do all right?"
"Yes."
"Did you enjoy it?"
"No," Bellamy leaned forward. "I kept remembering something I hadn't done."
"That's not like you, Andrew."

"And I couldn't wait to put it right." He put his arm round her shoulders.

"What was it?"

"I'd never kissed you."

"No."

"Never really before. Only at that party of Chris's."

"And that can't be counted."

"That's what I mean," he said. "Not properly."

After a moment she said softly, "D'you know something, Andrew?"

"No."

"I'm awfully glad . . . you remembered."

Just on midnight that night Eastlake leaned against the telephone box outside the deserted hangar, his eyes closed, his head on his chest. Inside Crutwell was saying, "We've been through everything, sir. And we can find nothing wrong!"

"There must be something wrong!" The Chairman's voice, very quick, very cross, came immediately back at him. "You don't have that caper over Labrador without something being the matter."

"We're trying to work out a theory, sir."

"I don't want a theory! I want the facts!"

"You've got the facts, sir," Crutwell put in. "At present the Emperor is perfectly serviceable."

"That's because she's on the ground. In the air . . . it'll be a different matter! I can't tell you, Crutwell, how important it is that nothing goes wrong on Thursday!"

There was a pause. At his end of the wire the engine-designer was dispiritedly con-

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sidering the uncertain future, while Sir James, in his suite in the Grand-Plaza Hotel, was remembering the terrible day behind him. Never alone for a moment, ceaselessly subjected to a fusillade of notes, messages, and phone calls, which had only ceased when it became known that the Emperor's capacity had been reached.

She was full up. A hundred and fifty-three Americans would be accompanying the proving flight down to Bermuda.

Crutwell said, "I don't see what else we can do, sir."

"You can go over the aircraft again. Very carefully."

"But Mr. Eastlake and I have hardly had a wink of sleep."

"This is a matter, now, of the highest international importance!"

"I can't see that it's that important, sir. I mean—"

"Every precaution must be taken against a repeat performance."

"If we're not certain what caused it . . . that's difficult, sir."

"It's got to be done! Get back to the aircraft, Mr. Crutwell! Go through her with a fine tooth-comb! I shall hold you and Mr. Eastlake personally responsible . . . if anything happens on Thursday!"

Crutwell came slowly out of the telephone box. "Did you hear that, Alan?" he asked.

"I've been asleep," Eastlake rubbed his eyes. "Can we go to bed?"

"He says we've got to go through the whole thing again."

"No!"

"Fact."

They walked together towards the snack-bar. "For a sheer nigger-whipper," Crutwell went on, all his mildness vanished into exasperation, "I don't suppose that man Joliffe has an equal in England!"

Eastlake nodded in perfect agreement.

So far apart before, now both the designers had been

brought together by their mutual hatred of Sir James Joliffe. Apart from the aircraft (and they had reached the stage there of even expressing admiration for each other's work) the Chairman and sleep were the only subjects they talked about. Victims under the same lash, they were fast becoming friends.

On Wednesday morning, in the Chairman's suite, Bellamy was saying, "I'll give you an



outline of our theory, sir. Then perhaps we can discuss what can be done."

"What does Captain Cavendish say to this?"

But Cavendish had nothing to say. Nor had Payton. Nor had the last two people in the room—the two tired designers.

"Well," impatiently Sir James turned back to the younger pilot. "Let's hear the theory."

There was no getting away from it now. In spite of surface similarities this was not, after all, an ordinary Air Enterprise get-together. Though everyone was still preserving the most cautious respect towards him, it was

obvious that Sir James Joliffe was being brought to book. He had piped a particular tune that nobody in the Emperor wanted to follow. And he was going to be asked to change it. Or else—

The Chairman, however, did not concern himself with that other alternative. His large blue eyes narrowed slightly as he looked across at Bellamy analysing the young self-confidence on the pilot's face.

"Difficult to reconstruct exactly what did happen," Bellamy continued. "Same with any emergency. Everybody's got his own ideas. I've discussed it thoroughly with the crew. And with Mr. Eastlake and Mr. Crutwell here . . . when they haven't been working."

He looked up to give the two designers a sympathetic smile.

"The engine cut . . . fact. The controls, especially the rudders, got stiff . . . seemed to stick. Fact, too. This last points to hydraulic booster trouble. As I said from the beginning."

The Chairman noted the pilot's underlining of his own rectitude, but the expression on his face did not change.

"But then . . . why did the engines fade? Why should the boosters right themselves? That's what was troubling us."

Sir James murmured, "Two questions that were also troubling me." But all around him, all attention, even Payton's now, was fixed on Bellamy.

"We can't prove it . . . but now we think the answer's in the very low temperatures. Just before the front over Labrador, it was — 44 degrees Centigrade."

"You mean . . . that after all this, it's just ice?"

"No, sir. The effect of the cold on the booster cylinders . . . contracting the metal so the piston was continually jamming inside. In the air, two of us were straining on the controls to shift the rudder, jammed over hard on one side. When it did move . . . it

jammed over on the other. And so on—"

"And the engine cutting?"

"We were on one and two tanks. There was still a good deal of fuel left in them . . . but the level was low. In the sudden swings, kerosene was being washed away from the collector boxes in each wing root by centrifugal force — causing the motors to cut from fuel starvation and then come on again."

Sir James' face had suddenly brightened. "Then there's nothing wrong at all now?"

"Of course there is, sir," Bellamy retorted. "They shouldn't do that! In his Mark II booster cylinders Mr. Eastlake has used a different alloy for that very reason."

"You remember, sir," the airframe-designer put in. "Before we set off, I told you they were just about ready. I did suggest a day or so's delay—"

Sir James said abruptly, "If I'd adopted everyone's suggestions, the Emperor would still be on the drawing-board!"

"And now tomorrow's trip to Bermuda, sir—" Bellamy stopped short. In the brief silence, Sir James could feel that the tenor of the meeting had changed. The allegiance had shifted. They'd been getting together. There was some sort of conspiracy. Just before Bellamy opened his mouth again the Chairman knew he was going to say, "Under the circumstances, would it be wise to go?"

He said very coldly, "And what would you propose to do, Captain Bellamy?"

"Wait here for the Mark II boosters to be sent over."

"Have you any idea of the boomerang effect bad publicity would have on the Emperor . . . now?"

"This isn't a sales promotion matter, sir. It's a matter of life or death."

"Bellamy, you're exaggerating!"

The Chairman's pink face had flushed an angry red. He'd had enough to put up with from the pilots already without this bid to usurp his authority. For that's what it was. He could recognise a trial of

strength as soon as he saw one. He drew in a deep breath. He put his plump chin higher in the air, till his eyes looked down at them all.

He seemed just on the point of blasting the lot of them out of the window.

And then, as suddenly and as quickly as the Emperor had stopped thrashing about over Labrador, the Chairman's shoulders sagged. The round head dropped. In a surprisingly quiet voice, he asked Bellamy, "Now tell me, Captain . . . just as a matter of interest . . . if we kept low on the way down to Bermuda, we wouldn't run into any cold temperatures, would we?"

Bellamy said warily, "No, sir. We wouldn't."

"So the present booster cylinders would remain serviceable?"

"Might. Might not. It's still only a theory."

"But it does seem to suit the facts," Sir James looked up at the ceiling and rubbed his chin.

"On the New York-Bermuda route you're never more than an hour from an aerodrome."

"A lot can happen in an hour, sir."

"And a lot will happen if we stay in New York." A gentle smile of resignation came over the Chairman's face. "Nothing in this world is completely safe, Captain Bellamy. We've got to weigh the risks against the rewards. Now — are we going down to Bermuda tomorrow or aren't we?"

It was all done in the quietest way. Sir James and Bellamy talked — about the ethics of going, about conflicting responsibilities, about the consequences of not going. And as every minute ticked by the Chairman seemed to retreat further and further from the centre of the stage, joining the onlookers around the pilot, leaving Bellamy alone with the

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To bring out the
full flavour — every
meal needs

Holbrooks

"GOOD COMPANIONS"

Famous Holbrooks
**WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE**



and . . .

**HOLBROOKS
SWEET MUSTARD
SAUCE**

sweet . . . not hot!



RECIPE NEWS COLUMN

by Linda Gray

Making meals appetising, attractive, varied and satisfying, is not difficult, when a "Host" of good foods are available. Housewives and Chefs, with imagination and enthusiasm, appreciate suggestions to produce meals, savouries or hors-d'oeuvres that are pleasing to the palate and a feast to the eyes.

Be a Hostess on the Highest Level.

Here are a few tested recipes to help menus and snack ideas, guaranteed to satisfy any family all the year round. Also to delight your guests with TV snack trays, or to make any party a festival, whatever the occasion.

HOT BARBECUE SAUCE:

1 cup chopped onions, 1 cup Holbrooks Mustard Sauce, 1 cup meat stock, 1 cup Holbrooks Tomato Sauce, 2 tablespoons Holbrooks Malt Vinegar, 1 cup butter or margarine, 1 cup Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, 1 cup lemon juice. Add celery salt and pepper to taste. Combine ingredients and cook over low heat 20 minutes. Yield—2½ cups sauce.

SNAPPY CANAPES:

Grate sharp yellow cheese, mix it with Holbrooks Worcestershire or Mustard Sauce. Spread on potato crisps and pop under grill for a few minutes before serving.

CHEESE DREAM SANDWICH:

8 thin slices bread, 1 teaspoon Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, 8 slices cheese, Holbrooks Mustard Sauce, 1 cup cream—fresh or canned, 2 eggs slightly beaten, 1 teaspoon salt, and pepper to taste, butter. Spread 4 slices bread with Holbrooks Mustard Sauce, top each with 2 slices of cheese, cover with remaining bread. Press together firmly. Dip sandwiches in egg mixture. Brown in small amount of butter, turning to brown on both sides. Yield—4 servings.

TARTARE SAUCE:

To serve with any fish dish—1 tablespoon chopped Holbrooks Gherkins or Gherkin Spread, chopped Capers and chopped Mustard Pickle. Add to 1 cup mayonnaise.

CAPER SAUCE:

2 level tablespoons flour, 2 level tablespoons butter, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, 1 tablespoon Capers. Melt butter, stir in flour and cook, stirring for 1 minute without browning. Gradually stir in milk, stirring until the mixture boils and thickens. Cook very slowly for 3 minutes. Season.

CELERY STICKS:

Crisp, well-seasoned, stuffed celery sticks are a fine appetiser. Soften cream cheese and flavour with Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce. Fill into hollow side of celery sticks, cut into 2" lengths. Garnish with French Capers.

DELICIOUS PORK SEASONING:

Mix 4 cups stale breadcrumbs, 2 cups chopped apples (peeled and cored), ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped blanched almonds, 3 or 4 chopped Holbrooks Gherkins or Gherkin Spread, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce. Fill into a pocket cut in the joint and bake in the usual way.

DEVILLED EGGS:

A top-line favourite party savoury. Cut hard-boiled eggs in halves, remove yolks and add a little mashed potato to make the yolks go further. Flavour with Holbrooks Anchovy Essence and chopped Holbrooks Pickled Onions. Season with Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, chopped Holbrooks Stuffed Olives and parsley. Fill egg whites with the mixture.

Finally, some quick suggestions:—

Use Holbrooks Cocktail Onions for COCKTAILS with a difference.

• Spread toast CROUTONS with butter and Holbrooks Anchovy Paste. Add a dab of cream cheese and press a small Holbrooks Stuffed Olive into the centre of each.

• Next time you BRAISE chops or steak, stir in 1 tablespoon Holbrooks Sweet Fruit Chutney ½ hour before serving—it's good.

• CREAMED FISH OR PRAWNS are twice as nice if the cream sauce is flavoured with Holbrooks Anchovy Essence—1 dessertspoon essence to 1 pint sauce. Add a dash of Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, and a dash of lemon juice, of course.

• HORS-D'OEUVRES—SAVOURIES. Garnish with Holbrooks Queen or Stuffed Olives, and Sweet Gherkins.

HOLBROOKS FOR PURITY, QUALITY AND FLAVOUR.



Linda Gray



The wise hostess
insists on delicious

Holbrooks

HOST OF GOOD FOODS

for TOPS in entertaining



HOLBROOKS COCKTAIL ONIONS

Also for cocktails that are right-up-to-the-minute . . . Have you tried—a "Screw-driver"? Jigger of Vodka, fresh orange juice. Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Vary proportion of orange juice according to taste.



HOLBROOKS CAPERS

Holbrooks Capers, specially gathered from France. To garnish your dishes, and to give you and your guests a delicious sauce that is luxury itself!



HOLBROOKS OLIVES

Come from Sunny Spain to your table. Holbrooks Olives stuffed with red pimentos, and Holbrooks Queen Olives for savouries, or to serve with cocktails and wines for entertaining success.



HOLBROOKS SWEET GHERKINS

Your guests will love them! Firm and crisp, and delicately spiced by Holbrooks. AND for quick savouries or sandwiches with a difference . . .

... HOLBROOKS GHERKIN SPREAD.

and remember

no party is complete
without HOLBROOKS

**TABLE
DELICACIES**

A HOST OF GOOD FOODS



Christmas Hostess

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

Hospitable and welcoming, the good hostess knows just the right ingredients that combine to make a happy and successful party.



CHICKEN LIVER CANAPES



HAM AND CHEESE CANAPES



OYSTER CANAPES



TUNA CANAPES

TO be a good hostess you must make sure your guests will enjoy themselves. Cater to their tastes in food, drink, and in friends. Don't ask more guests than your room will reasonably hold, and have as many seats as possible so the not-so-young can sit down to talk if they want to.

The food should be light, appetising, and easy to eat. How to serve and present it to the best advantage depends a lot on space.

It is a good plan to have the food arranged on a buffet table in another room. This allows the guests more space in the party-room, and is more convenient for the hostess. The table can be arranged before the party so all will be in readiness.

Be sure to serve hot food very hot, and cold food very cold. And here's to happy Christmas entertaining.

Spoon measurements are level.

ASSORTED CANAPES

Cut day-old bread into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. slices, then into $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. squares. Spread thickly with butter, arrange on an oven-tray, and bake slowly in very moderate oven until golden-brown and crisp. Store carefully in an airtight tin until required. Top with any of the following mixtures:

Chicken liver canapés. Sauté $\frac{1}{4}$ dozen chicken livers, chop finely. Mix with chopped ham, sauté 1 dessertspoon onion and 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley in bacon fat, mix with livers and ham. Spread on canapés, garnish with sliced stuffed olives.

Ham and cheese canapés: Cream 2oz. butter with $\frac{1}{4}$ clove of crushed garlic. Spread canapés with garlic butter. Cover with ham, top with narrow strips of processed cheese. Bake in moderate oven until cheese melts, dust with paprika, serve hot.

Oyster canapés: Cream 2oz. butter with 1 teaspoon mixed mustard. Spread canapés with mustard butter, dip large oysters in mayonnaise, place one in centre of each, decorate edges with sieved hard-boiled egg-yolks mixed with chopped chives.

Tuna canapés: Cream 2oz. butter with 1 teaspoon anchovy essence.



Spread on canapés. Fill centre with flaked tuna moistened with mayonnaise. Pipe anchovy butter around edges, top with capers.

SLICED FILLED ROLLS

Cocktail bread rolls (available from some bakers, delicatessens, and food stores), shelled chopped prawns, chopped hard-boiled eggs, finely chopped celery, mayonnaise, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper, dissolved gelatine (1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon water for each $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise).

Cut crust from each end of cocktail rolls. Carefully scoop out centre crumb. Combine prawns, chopped hard-boiled eggs, celery, and mayonnaise, season with salt and cayenne, fold in dissolved gelatine. Fill into rolls, pressing mixture down well to avoid air spaces. Wrap in food-wrapping plastic, place in refrigerator until required. Slice thinly and serve on platter with salad garnish.

CRAB AU GRATIN

Six ounces cheese-flavored short-crust pastry, 2 cups flaked crabmeat (or use tinned tuna, salmon, or fish cutlets), 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3 egg-yolks, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, grated processed cheese, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Line a 7in.-square sandwich-tin with cheese pastry rolled to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Flute edges by pinching with thumb and forefinger. Line with greaseproof paper, and fill with dried beans to prevent pastry rising in the middle. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes, remove paper and beans, cook 5 to 10 minutes longer.

GOOD FOOD. attractively served, is synonymous with Christmas entertaining. Illustrated above are assorted canapés, sliced and filled rolls, crab au gratin, creamed chicken and ham pie, strawberry meringue, and coffee mousse. Detailed recipes are given on this page.

Sauté crabmeat 3 minutes in the butter, arrange in pastry-case, trickle any remaining butter over the crabmeat. Mix cream, evaporated milk, lemon juice, and egg-yolks, season with salt and cayenne. Heat gently until slightly thickened. Pour over crabmeat. Sprinkle with grated cheese, dot with extra butter, bake in moderate oven until browned on top. Garnish, and serve piping hot.

CHICKEN AND HAM PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 3 cups chopped cooked chicken and ham mixed together, 1 cup rich white sauce (medium thickness), 3 hard-boiled eggs, some thin slices of chicken breast, 2oz. thinly sliced ham, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup parsley sprigs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chicken stock, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, stuffed olives, asparagus sticks, thin crosswise slices red or green pepper.

Line a 7in.-square tin with pastry and bake as directed in crab au gratin recipe. Allow to become cold. Mix chicken and ham with white sauce and two of the chopped hard-boiled eggs, all the celery, and nearly all the parsley sprigs. Fill into pastry-case. On top arrange slices of chicken breast, remaining hard-boiled egg, cut in slices, thinly sliced ham, and sliced olives. Sprinkle with balance of parsley sprigs. Mix chicken stock with dissolved gelatine. When beginning to thicken spoon carefully over top of tart. Allow to set. Serve cold with

salad snippets. Arrange asparagus sticks through red or green pepper rings and use as a garnish.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE

One meringue shell, 1 packet strawberry jelly, 2 cups hot water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream, 1 box strawberries, red currant jelly.

When meringue shell is cooked and cooled proceed as follows. Dissolve jelly in hot water, add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Put aside until quite cold and beginning to thicken. Whip until very thick and white. Fold in whipped cream and half the strawberries (cut in halves or quarters). Pile into meringue shell. Chill until set. Dip remaining whole strawberries in slightly melted red currant jelly, decorate around edge of meringue case. Serve with whipped cream or ice-cream.

COFFEE MOUSSE

Two ounces dark chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup strong black coffee (made with coffee powder), 1-3rd cup castor sugar, 1 tin evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, cream, chocolate sprinkles.

Break chocolate into pieces, place in saucepan with coffee and sugar. Stir over low heat until chocolate melts. Whip thoroughly chilled evaporated milk with lemon juice until it thickens and stand in peaks. Fold in chocolate-coffee mixture and dissolved gelatine. Fill into oiled mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve decorated with whipped cream and chocolate sprinkles.

NSW



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modern living, made to last a lifetime.



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NO MORE MUSS,
AND NO CUT
FINGERS WITH
LOVELY-TO-
LOOK-AT
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MAGNET LIFTS THE LID,
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Architect's diary

**Split-level
home plan**

● A reader from Nedlands, W.A., who plans to build a home on a corner block, wants the living-room to be higher than the other rooms to take advantage of a beautiful view.

ALTHOUGH he wants the living-room to be higher than other rooms, he prefers not to build his new home in the conventional two-story plan.

Two bedrooms, a music-room, and the usual domestic offices are to be included in a layout measuring 10 to 11 squares.

If all these requirements are met, there is a danger that room sizes and good aspect will be sacrificed in trying to cram too much into the space.

As an alternative, I suggest a single-story plan measuring about 10 squares to meet immediate requirements.

In the future, a living and music room could be added upstairs and a third bedroom downstairs at minimum cost.

With such a corner site it is difficult to screen the service yard and drying area so the view towards the north is not obstructed. This problem has been overcome by placing the laundry and bathroom in a block towards the south-east to form a division between the service yard and car-port.

Windows and doors of these rooms open out to the service yard and are thus screened from the two streets.

A flat concrete roof insulated with lightweight coke breeze

concrete and covered with bituminous felt becomes the future first floor for the upstairs living and music room.

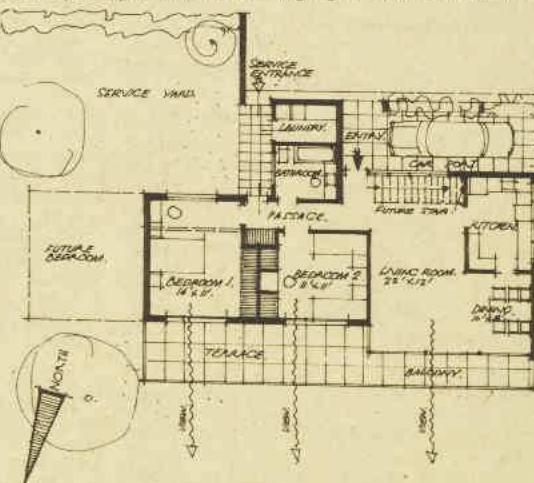
The remainder of the flat roof area, with a pipe balustrade, would be spacious enough to be used for an outdoor living and recreation room.

The windows facing the main street have been designed to follow the slant of a future open timber stairway leading to the upstairs living and music room.

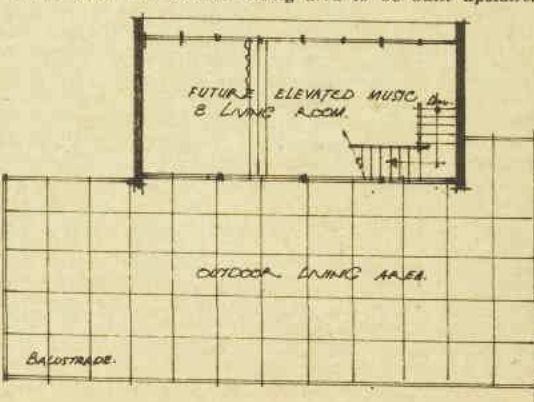
When this future room is built it will be ideal for entertaining and enjoying the view. The original living-room downstairs can be kept as a smaller, easily heated area for general family use.

For the heating system I suggest low wattage convection heaters. These are now available for building into various positions throughout a house. Unlike many other methods of heating that give concentrated warmth at a single point, they warm the whole house.

External materials for the house could be face brick and cement render. The curtain wall to the south of the upstairs living-room is filled in with lin-thick waterproof plywood panels with opening highlights for cross-ventilation.



FLOOR PLAN (above) suggests a layout for immediate requirements and shows how a third bedroom could be added later. Below is the layout for the new living and music room and outdoor living area to be built upstairs.



**Summer
Heat**

DRIES AND ROUGHENS YOUR SKIN

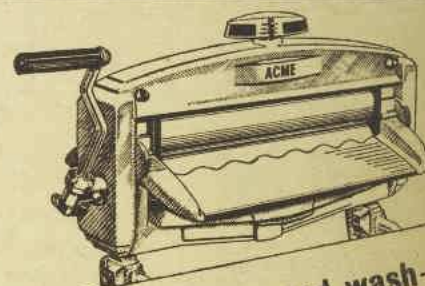


Summer brings the sun and warm dry winds—and we all like what Summer brings! It is only our skin that suffers. The heat and wind take out the natural oils, and rough, dry skin is the result. To keep the smooth softness of your skin safe, use NIVEA. Only NIVEA contains Eucerite, the scientific ingredient that replaces those natural oils. Smooth in NIVEA regularly to protect and soothe your skin the whole year round.

Skin needs

NIVEA

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However you wash—
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1947

Insist on Lastonet
genuine two-way stretch nylons for
Varicose Veins

LASTONET Nylons give healthful support to Varicose Veins and are invisible under your ordinary stockings. Lastonet (combined elastic and nylon) stretches in any direction, lightly massaging the leg as it moves, and letting the air circulate freely. For extra relief: apply highly effective Varicosan Chlorophyll Ointment.

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Standard glass	Boilproof pyrex	Unbreakable plastic
5/- complete	6/6 complete	7/11 complete

AT CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE



THE HOLIDAY SEASON is close at hand. Salads and pasties topped with an extra ration of meat or fish and shredded lettuce are just what you need for an outdoor picnic.

Cutlet dish wins prize

• Lamb cutlets baked in the oven and served with glazed, minted pineapple win this week's prize of £5 in our recipe contest.

THE pineapple, which is baked separately in the oven, gives a piquant flavor to the dish.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

LAMB CUTLETS WITH GLAZED PINEAPPLE

Six lamb cutlets, 2 cups diced pineapple, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 1 egg, browned breadcrumbs, fat, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 rashers bacon, 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint.

Wipe cutlets with damp cloth, trim. Coat cutlets with

seasoned flour, then beaten egg, toss in breadcrumbs. Place sufficient melted fat in baking-dish to cover base of dish. Arrange cutlets in dish, top each one with half bacon rasher. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes, turning occasionally to brown both sides. Place pineapple pieces in greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with brown sugar, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Sprinkle with mint, serve hot with cutlets.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Lawson, 18 Watt Street, Gympie, Qld.

FAMILY DISH

CROQUETTES made with cold, cooked lamb and flavored with curry powder make this week's appetising family dish, which costs approximately five shillings and sixpence and serves four.

INDIAN CROQUETTES

One and a half to 2 cups minced cold cooked lamb or mutton, 1½ cups cooked rice, 1 onion, 1 dessert-spoon curry powder (or more if liked), 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, salt, pepper, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, dry breadcrumbs.

Combine minced meat and freshly cooked rice. Add finely chopped onion, curry powder, parsley, tomato sauce, salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly. Shape into croquettes, coat with seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing, then coat with breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in fuming fat until golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve hot.

Baby needs a playpen

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

PARENTS should always include a suitable playpen when planning their nursery equipment. It ensures baby's safety when he begins to propel himself about, even before he starts to crawl.

He must be put in the playpen early, before he has crawled about and had a feeling of freedom, otherwise he will resent being restricted to the pen.

If he is put in it for his exercise before he is six

months old, he will soon come to regard it as his own domain.

The best type of playpen is one with a floor raised a few inches from the ground so baby can be put outside in it even when the grass is damp. The raised floor also protects him from crawling insects.

As he gets older, of course, the baby must be allowed a wider sphere for his activities, but he will then need constant watching, as accidents can happen so quickly.

"Cottontails"

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for women
and children
from
5/11



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Here is a BRIEF that has been styled to give longer wear and more comfort. It has these exclusive features:

BOND'S

- Knitted of pure combed cotton.
- "Action gusset."
- Stretches with every movement.
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- "NYLARIB" (nylon reinforced) leg bands.

See these cotton briefs at all good stores. In crisp white. Sizes 3 to 7 are 5/11; sizes 9 to 13 are 6/6; SSW to OS are 7/6. (Prices subject to control in each State.)

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THIS IS A
DROOPY-DORA



Even its boss doesn't know how smart it is because, poor thing, it's always half-asleep. How bright, happy and efficient it would become if it would only get up five minutes earlier and tuck into a big, delicious, energising breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

WIDE AWAKE
IDEA...

More and more families are getting off to a wonderful start these mornings with a sustaining, satisfying breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Yours, too, we hope?



FLOWER
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Now stops odour 24 hours a day. American scientists have shown that new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene—positively stops odour all the day through. Modern women demand this assurance against offending.

Safer for Charm—

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Safer for Clothes

New **MUM** WITH LONG LASTING M3
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS
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Just add water and it's ready to use

Amazing ZIPPY Liquid STARCH

makes faultless starching so easy!

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NO STIRRING,
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NO LUMPS!**

Just add water and amazing Zippy Liquid Starch is ready to use . . . Zippy cuts starching time to seconds. This summer freshen up your wardrobe the easy, cool way with Zippy Liquid Starch—you'll find your silks, rayons, linens and cottons will wear much better and look crisp and cool like new again. Just try Zippy Liquid Starch and see.



Use ZIPPY
Liquid Starch
just once and
you'll never go back
to old-fashioned methods



You starch with Zippy in seconds! It's a smooth, concentrated liquid starch with a fresh pine fragrance! Just add water and presto! There's your starch tub ready for the loveliest, crispest starching you've seen. Every time you starch it's a dazzling success! Ironing's a pleasure, too. Zippy's added lubricant lets your iron glide—never sticks.



Only double-processed Zippy gives deep, long-life starching! Let's away with thick, old-fashioned starches that just coat the surface. Watch Zippy's free-running fluid get into the fabric actually coating each fibre. American scientists have proved that Zippy Liquid Starch makes clothes up to 29% more resistant to wear!



No waste—you keep left-over Zippy! Just pop the left-over starch mixture into a glass jar and it'll keep for weeks. What a saving! And each time you use Zippy you'll need, on an average, only a cup a time. The giant 30 oz. bottle will last for weeks! Zippy contains its own blue, too . . . so you save here as well! Buy Zippy now . . . you'll love it.



**YOU SAVE TIME
SO MANY WAYS
WITH ZIPPY**

**Zippy Liquid SUDS cuts out
wiping up f-o-r-e-v-e-r!**

You just rinse and rack. There's no drying up. Dishes, cutlery, glassware, saucepans gleam as Zippy's activated foam whisks grease and dirt away in a flash . . . and because Zippy super-active American formula suds are stronger, a bottle lasts longer! Zippy suds contain exclusive Lanosol to keep your hands soft and young. So, in future, for washing woollies soft and fluffy, for zipping through scores of household jobs, use super-active Zippy foaming suds. Once for ounce save over 1/3 a bottle on other brands.



Versatile new Zippy Bleach. Straight from America comes this wonderful formula that acts like magic on stains, scorch marks and mildew. Use Bleach in your washing machine or soak clothes in Bleach after washing, and watch those whites look whiter, tea-towels brighter! ZIPPY Liquid Bleach is a must for the modern housewife!



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Talking of Films

The Best Things in Life Are Free

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

FOX'S new widescreen musical "The Best Things in Life Are Free" is a partly true account of the careers of American songwriters Buddy DeSylva, Lew Brown, and Ray Henderson.

It tells how these ill-assorted musicians turned out hit tunes the bushel while working as a team along Tin Pan Alley during the 1920s.

There is nothing in this picture to rouse undue excitement, but it is agreeable in a good-of-the-mill way, and the musical plums that keep cropping up all the time are a big help.

The film introduces some amusing bits about America's prohibition era and the cigar-smoking gangsters of the time. Gordon MacRae plays DeSylva as an ambitious pro with high aspirations; Ernest Borgnine has the role of Lew Brown, a tough, quick-tempered product of gangland; Dan Dailey is the family-tinged ex-teacher Ray Henderson.

All of them are quite adequate.

Donald Sherer North has a lot of sort of acting part in which she continues to carry torch for Mr. DeSylva through the good times and

actually, Sherer fares very much better on the song-and-dance side of things. Her performance comes off the sound-track pleasantly enough, and in all dance numbers she shakes very mean hip indeed.

Svengali

THAT old-hat story by George du Maurier entitled "Trilby" is the source of "Svengali," a British melodrama re-edited by Metro.

In spite of the changed title, addition of Eastmancolor, some interesting acting by

the cast, we found "Svengali" too much the Victorian weepie for our taste.

For those who need a reminder, the story tells how poor Trilby, played here by that fascinating German actress Hildegard Neff, falls under the hypnotic domination of the evil Svengali.

Protean British actor Donald Wolfit turns in a highly effective job of acting as the hypnotist who changes a frail dab of a girl with a voice like a duck's into a wonderful singer.

Terence Morgan plays the role of Little Billee, the young artist who is the love of Trilby's life.

When Svengali dies and Trilby comes out of the evil shadows and into the light once more, Little Billee is by her side.

★ Cast a Dark Shadow

AN obsessed desire for a life of leisure and luxury at somebody else's expense is the motive behind the novelettish murder plot in "Cast a Dark Shadow" (B.E.F.).

Young Dirk Bogarde is the man in the case, a Cockney spiv who first marries an elderly woman (Mona Washbourne) for her money and then murders her for the same reason.

The film sequence in which he commits the crime is one of the most telling in the story.

But Bogarde, who mistakes the killing badly, inherits no money under his wife's will and has to look farther afield for a bankroll.

He finds it in Margaret Lockwood's shrewd and vulgar



NEW MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. Gogie Withers, charming British stage and film star, and her Australian actor-husband, John McCallum, who are both well known in this country, admire their new son, Nicholas James, who was born in a London clinic in mid-November. The McCallums already have a daughter, 6-year-old Joanna.

widow, who becomes wife No. 2 and proves to be more than a match for the murderer.

It is when the remorseless fates swing into action that the culprit discovers that crime really does not pay.

Kay Walsh plays the mysterious visitor who turns out

to be the dead woman's sister from abroad, and Robert Flynn pops in and out of the picture as the family solicitor.

Character actress Kathleen Harrison is first-rate as the middle-aged, addle-pated maid-of-all-work in the murder house.

News from Studios

ITALY'S Sophia Loren now plans to follow up her international screen debut in the recently finished "The Pride and the Passion," in which she stars with Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra, by co-starring with John Wayne in "The Legend of Timbuctoo." But without getting involved in Hollywood's toils—yet. Locations will be shot near Tripoli. The film will be finished not in Californian studios but in Rome.

★ ★ ★
ERNEST BORGNINE'S professional squabbles with the Burt Lancaster outfit appear to have subsided. Borgnine has been advised by his attorney to report for work in New York, where the new Hecht-Lancaster film will be shot. The hefty actor says he

hasn't yet seen the script. Borgnine has sued the H-L Company for £65,000, and for a release from his two pictures a year contract, because the company loaned him out for a huge sum while only paying him a meagre salary.

★ ★ ★
MARILYN MONROE and her husband, Arthur Miller, left London for Hollywood in a cloud of kisses and bonhomie in which any differences existing between her and Sir Laurence Olivier on the studio floor have been drowned.

Said she, "Now that making of 'The Sleeping Prince' has been safely completed, Sir Laurence is the greatest actor I've ever worked with." Said Sir Larry, "I am delighted with the film and I would do it all again. The only trouble with Marilyn is her nerves."



BLOND Jayne Mansfield looks more like Marilyn Monroe all the time. Visiting Jayne on the set of her new film, "The Girl Can't Help It," is actor Robert Wagner.



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Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 67

question that he had intended Sir James to answer.

The pilot was speaking more slowly now, weighing what he said with care. He was so absorbed he did not notice that now he was doing the talking. His forehead was furrowed as he struggled to solve, more and more on his own, the intermediate problems before the final question would be posed. And when, having taken everything else into consideration, at last he reached it, and again he questioned, "Would it be wise to go?" it was assumed by his audience as rhetorical, asked by himself to himself. For nobody said anything.

Looking up surprised, he saw the circle around him, including the Chairman now, were quietly and attentively waiting for his answer. And suddenly conscious of the isolation of the leadership that had stealthily been left in his lap, he tried to go back on his tracks, to lead up to the vital question yet again, this time more slowly, hoping for help.

"Of course, on this flight . . . there's a good deal at stake."

Nobody said anything.

"It's only a short hop down to Bermuda. Not like an Atlantic crossing."

Nobody said anything again. The pilot turned to the Chairman. "If you sent a cable now for the Mark II boosters to be sent to Bermuda —"

This time Sir James came bounding forward with the quick suggestion: "They could put them on the Bermuda service leaving London tomorrow. We could have them by Friday."

"We must have them before the Atlantic crossing on Saturday."

"Of course we must, Captain. And we will have."

"We could fly tomorrow," Bellamy said reassuringly, "low down. Avoid the cold temperatures."

An hour later what had become Bellamy's get-together broke up, and half an hour after the cable for the Mark II boosters had been sent to England, the Chairman ran into Brocklehurst in the lounge of the hotel. Considering his recent reverse, Sir James seemed to be in excellent spirits.

"All set for tomorrow?" he asked the Under-Secretary.

Brocklehurst's eyes looked at him suspiciously. "What did they find wrong, Sir James?"

"That's just it . . . nothing!"

"But the trouble over Labrador —"

"Caused by cold, dear fellow. Bellamy's going to be careful not to go too high tomorrow."

Brocklehurst scrutinised the Chairman's bland face. He had attended one or two functions. He had been impressed, in spite of himself, by the American enthusiasm for the Emperor. Now he had just read in the evening's paper that half the high-ups in the American aircraft industry would be accompanying them to Bermuda.

Sir James would never dare to allow that, if the aircraft wasn't serviceable. In spite of her early reverses, the Emperor looked like being a success, after all.

"That's good news, Sir James."

"Yes, isn't it?" The Chairman seemed to have divined the reason for the sudden reappearance of Brocklehurst's party political smile. "Saves you the price of a transatlantic phone call . . . into the bargain!"

As the day wore on, the other inhabitants of the Emperor learnt that nothing could be found wrong with the aircraft and they would be leaving on schedule.

The news affected them each in their different ways.

It made it immediately apparent to Enderby-Browne that a decision was imperative. For a whole day he had been vacillating, first one way, then the other. The first few words of the lecture still lay on his desk — "Fellow servants of humanity." He had been pondering their meaning ever since he wrote them. They always showed up in his mind against a background of the faces on board Able Dog over Labrador, Riley's obvious nervousness, Payton's slightly shaking hand.

Was it enough, he asked himself, just to note all these things down? He had always before rather wistfully regretted the lack of co-operation among the aircrew in his efforts to help them. They could hardly be blamed if now, at the first real opportunity of sharing some of their trials, it had been conveniently necessary for him to be off-loaded.

Being a direct, methodical man he reached out for the telephone and dialled the number of the Canford Institute. As the ringing note sounded in his ear other words came to the tip of his tongue: "Appreciating the honor . . . not at this moment . . . pressure of urgent business."

Two floors below him in the hotel Payton was packing.

Cavendish was brushing down his uniform. And in the coffee bar on ground level the crew interrupted their long argument over Emperor operational pay to consider the news that the Emperor was serviceable with considerable scepticism. As Rawlings said, "We'll find that out tomorrow!"

"I suppose Bellamy's agreed to it?" Seawood asked dubiously.

"Must have done! And we all know why!"

"Why, Red?"

"Wants to get back in with the Old Man!" Rawlings snorted. "That's why!"

The Operations Room at Idelwild had been phoning Riley's room all the afternoon to tell him. It was evening before they finally contacted him as he changed for the Manager's party for the Press.

His face went pale. A slight sweat broke out on his brow. One thing was certain—it was now or never.

But now he was finding that his courage had set with the sun. The telling phrases, the sentences with which he hoped to illuminate the Emperor's secret were losing their light and shape and color like a darkening landscape.

And just as, with nightfall, millions of people turned on the artificial lights, so Ralph Riley reached his arm for the whisky bottle.

Half an hour before the party not much light or life had returned. He padded about his bedroom, jotting a few words on a pad or an envelope from time to time. Then he sat down at the writing-table and read his carefully prepared notes. And that was the worst of it—the one really hundred per cent. true story he'd written since he came into the racket and every bit of it cried out it was a lie!

He looked at his watch and swore. Downstairs in the foyer the little blonde would be waiting. Ready to laugh and simpler and flutter her eyelashes like blondes (or brunettes for that matter) the world over. As though all life's problems could be solved by the right dress, soft lights, sweet music, and the latest style in hair.

And maybe they could. For them. He had one more for the road. One for the corridor and another for the lift.

Down in the foyer he walked slowly and very carefully towards Lalette. "Good evening, my dear," he said, in the kindly, slightly familiar voice

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Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

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their ethics were immaculate, and he kept them strictly apart.

That had been the trouble this time. They were overlapping. For an hour, he paced the carpet of his room, up and down. Then, very suddenly, he reached out for the grey trilby that he had carefully perched on the hook behind the door, and, adjusting the brim over his eyes, set off for an area round Third Avenue, where his ground headquarters were located.

It was not a very salubrious neighborhood. Dark, rather dirty. Full of bars in which silent men sat by the hour, a Chinese laundry or two, fiercely flying the American flag; and a number of antique shops, their wares behind the windows untouched for years.

It was to the back of one of these antique shops that Hamilton went. He knocked three times. He knocked three times again. It was eventually opened by a little old man with a nut-brown chubby face.

"Back again, eh?" he said. "Still stallin'?"

Hamilton drew himself up to his full length. "I can give you my decision now, Joe."

"Glad to hear that." The little man led the way to a small parlor. Rummaging in the middle of a pile of papers on the desk, he produced two bottles of beer and two glasses.

Then he went over to a rusty safe and said, "I'll give yer them now."

"No need to, Joe." Hamilton compressed his lips tightly. "I can't take the stuff."

"Whassamatter?" the little one snapped out in a loud and aggrieved voice. "Not 'nuff in it for yer? Is that whassamatter?"

Hamilton said sorrowfully, "You know me better than that, Joe."

"Whassamatter, then? Yaller?"

"After all I've been through for you, Joe!"

The little man croaked, "Thought you were my friend!"

"That's it!" Hamilton said with dignity. "That's why! You are my friend! So I'm not going to do it!"

Exasperation showed on the wizened face. "I spend every bean I got on this stuff. Once I get it over to Lefty in London I'm made!"

"I can't," said Hamilton. "For you, Joe . . . I can't!"

"There ain't anyone I can trust but you!" the little man pleaded. "The rest of the bunch are nuttin' more'n a pack of thieves. And if I lost this lot I'd be sunk! Out of my ear! Nuttin' left! But you . . ."

The Chief Steward said steadily, "We've been in this too long to quarrel, Joe."

"I'll quarrel when I wanna!" The wooden chairs shivered and trembled, and then, with a disappointed flatness, the little man said, "Throwin' away a chance like this! I'm surprised at yer! Customs won't trouble yer . . . with this proving-flight lark!"

Hamilton said nothing. His code of loyalty still held fast. He would not have dreamed of divulging any of those professional secrets of his courier career to Air Enterprise. In exactly the same way it did not enter his head to acquaint Joe and his friends with the Company's secrets.

He put out his hand. "Well . . . so long, Joe."

Later that night Bellamy sat in his room watching an all-night marathon television performance. It wasn't a particularly good show, but he was perfectly contented.

By the Chairman's whole attitude that morning the authority for the proving flight had shifted. The pilot's ultimate responsibility had been recognised. His advice had been taken. The future of the Emperor now lay on his decisions.

It was, in fact, from that

angle quite a satisfactory state of affairs considering the position when this trip had started. And Bellamy, now the future was cut and dried, was both pleased and relieved.

Just before one in the morning, when he was about to go to bed, a slight scuffle in the corridor began to develop into a hubbub outside his door. There were voices, one high and sweet, one low and slurred. A man started singing drunkenly. A girl said, "Shush! Now come on, behave!" Heavy uncertain feet thudded beside the tapping of high heels. The song got louder. Then Bellamy heard the girl say, "What's your room number?"

There was no doubt about whose voice that was. Bellamy flung open the door. "What's going on here?"

The little procession outside came to an uneasy halt. One of Riley's arms was draped around Lalette's shoulders. He

raised the other in a swaying Fascist salute. "Is the gallant captain himself!"

Then he gave Lalette a shaky push forward. But the girl stood quite still, and, pressing on perilously without her, Riley fell flat on his face.

Bellamy folded his arms. Across Riley's prone body on the floor he regarded the girl coldly. "Quite a party!"

She nodded her head.

"You drunk, too?"

"No."

"You made a very loving couple. Sorry to break it up."

The eyes that had looked at him, half embarrassed, half penitent, suddenly blazed. "Don't just stand there looking like the Inquisition! Help me get him to his room!"

"I should imagine you've woken half the hotel."

"Come on . . . help me!"

"You were making a terrible row! You'll have got the Company a thoroughly bad name."

"Stop preaching! Do something!"

"He deserves to lie where he is."

"If that's the way you feel about it . . . I'll get the night porter." She turned back along the corridor, but before she had walked more than a few steps Bellamy had been galvanised into action.

Quickly, he followed her and caught her wrists. "No, you don't! This is a respectable hotel. Not used to this sort of behaviour. D'you want the company turned out as undesirables?"

"Then help me."

The two of them went back to the body. Riley was asleep. Bellamy went through his pockets till he found his room key. "2155," he said. "Just down to the left." Then he put his arms under the man and pulled. "Weights a ton, too."

"I know." Lalette knelt down on the other side. Between them, they got him to his feet. All the way just on the point of collapsing, they managed to reach his room.

Bellamy put the key in, turned it, and pushed the door

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Page 75

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Continuing . . . The Proving Flight

from page 75

open with his foot. Before they got him through the threshold, Riley let out a whistling gasp. "Ish the condemned shell!"

They tottered into the room and deposited Riley flat on his back on the bed. Then Bellamy briskly brushed his hands together as though shaking off the man's dust, and turned towards the door.

"Aren't you going to undress him?" Lalette asked.

"Good Lord, no!"

"I thought that was what they usually did with drunks."

"I don't care what they usually do with them."

"He'll feel awful in the morning."

"Might do him some good."

Then seeing Lalette walk up to the head of the bed, he said sharply, "Come on . . . we'll both get out of here!"

"I was just loosening his collar. He might strangle himself!"

"Why worry about that?"

"And I thought you were always so concerned about people's safety!"

"If he did it on my aeroplane," Bellamy said, "that would be different. And now . . . quick march! Out!"

Obediently, Lalette preceded him through the door. They walked side by side down the corridor in silence. Then, in a quiet voice, Bellamy said, "I'm ashamed of you."

"Why?"

"You know perfectly well Riley drinks like a fish. You were sent to keep him sober."

"Nobody briefed me."

"You could have kept your eye on him. Seen what he was up to."

"I tell you I hadn't a chance! When we met before the party . . . he was very mysterious. And very drunk."

"I hate to think what sort of impression you made on the American Press!"

Lalette drew in her breath sharply. "Quite a good one, I think."

"And coming back at this time of night!"

"I've tried to—"

"With a man like Riley!"

"He wasn't my choice! Sir James—"

"In this sort of state."

"Oh, shut up!"

Bellamy stopped dead. Roughly, he swung her round to face him. He looked at the curiously expressionless face in which only the eyes were alive and angry. He moved closer to her and bent his head. The eyes changed from anger to surprise. They softened. Then Bellamy sniffed.

"You may look sober," he said. "But all the same . . . I can tell you've had too much to drink."

Without a word, she turned away from him and went hurrying down the corridor. He heard the furious hiss of her skirt.

"Here, wait a minute!" he called out after her, but already she was in the lift, pressing the button. "Where d'you think you're going?"

"To bed. Good night." The door shut behind her.

Angrily, he started to rush up the stairs to the next floor. He turned the corner into the corridor just in time to see her step out and disappear to the right. "Lalette! I haven't finished with you yet."

"I've finished with you." She was turning the key in the lock of her room, as he came up and caught her arm.

"Look, Lalette," he said quietly. "I'm responsible for you just as much on the ground as in the air."

"Either the Big Captain. Or the Kindly Uncle." She sighed. "That's all I get." She turned to look at him, now that she had stepped inside the doorway.

"Don't you see me . . . as . . . just a girl?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you. You're a nice girl, but—"

"I'm not a nice girl, but anything! Just let me tell you about you. You've always been so good, haven't you? The youngest Wing-Commander in the R.A.F. The youngest senior pilot. Then the youngest training captain." She was speaking so fast, she was breathless. "But you didn't have time for any fun. Life's got the laugh on you. You're the oldest man of thirty-two I've ever met in my life!"

"And you're such a nice young girl," he said coldly. "And nice young girls . . . don't know very much."

There was a quick rustling of taffeta. He caught a last glimpse of a white face, and a flash of fair hair. Then the door was shut in his face. Behind it, he heard the bolt click.

He tapped on the wood. "Come on, Lalette. Open up! I'm not angry."

"I am."

"Whatever for?"

There was no answer from the other side of the door.

"Can you hear me, Lalette?"

Airily, a voice floated back at him. "Loud and clear."

"Then open up."

"No."

"I want to know what happened at that party. And I want to know—"

"Not now."

"Look, Lalette, it's very late—"

"I know, I'm getting undressed and going to bed."

"You don't want the whole corridor to hear."

"I don't mind."

In a voice of quiet exasperation, Bellamy said, "Would you please be good enough to open up this door?"

"I wouldn't be good enough."

Bellamy rapped loudly.

"Open this door!"

"Go away."

He rattled the door handle.

"For the last time—"

"And for the last time . . . go away!"

"You're getting me angry now."

"And you're making an awful lot of noise."

"I've told you to open it. If you don't . . . I'll break in."

With his shoulder against the door, he was so busy pushing and banging at the lock that he did not hear the soft padding up the corridor behind him. But he felt the tap on his back. Looking up, he saw a round middle-aged face under a balding head of mixed grey and white hair. Two eyes looked at him with considerable disapproval.

"Mister," a rasping voice asked, "whadjer think you're doing?"

Rather sheepishly, Bellamy stood up. "I don't think you quite understand."

"You underestimate me, mister." The man rapped authoritatively on the door.

"This is the house detective on his rounds. This man bothering you, lady?"

There was dead silence at first from the other side of the door. Then, defiantly, "Yes."

"Come on, mister," the house detective said. "Let's walk."

"Lalette," Bellamy called back furiously, "what d'you think you're doing?" But the only answer came from the house detective. "What's your room number, mister?"

Arm-in-arm, the Englishman and the American began to promenade down the long deserted corridor. "I'll go back to my room now," Bellamy said, trying to get his arm free.

"Don't trouble to come with me."

"No trouble."

"I can find my own way, thank you."

"No doubt you can, mister," the house detective said placidly, "but my job is to see you get in it. And stay in it."

"There's been some misunderstanding—"

"Always is. Too bad."

They walked in silence to the lift. "It's only the next floor," Bellamy said. "2117."

The house detective pressed the button and the lift descended.

As they were walking back along the 21st floor, the American said, "You're one of the English pilots, aren't you?"

Bellamy nodded.

"Thought you were." The man seemed to be musing on the many things foreign airmen got up to. "This is a good, respectable American hotel, you know."

"I know."

They had reached 2117.

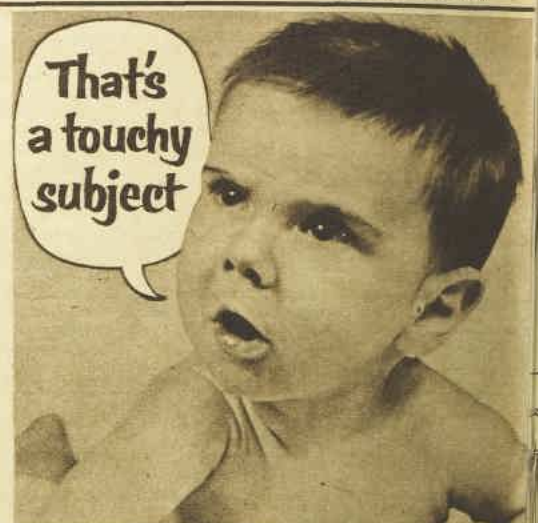
"By rights, I should tell the management about this," the house detective said. He looked at the pilot's stony face, as he deftly inserted the key in the lock and turned it. "But don't you worry . . . I won't."

He gave Bellamy an understanding pat on the arm. "I was young myself . . . once."

To be concluded

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 12, 1941

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F4261



F4262



F4364

F4262. — Afternoon dress, prettily shaped with a fitted waistline and soft puffed-up sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4362. — Smart one-piece daytime dress can be made with a collarless square neckline and short sleeves, or with three-quarter-length sleeves and a tailored collar. Sizes 3 1/2 to 50in. bust. Requires: Design A, 3 1/2 to 5 yds. 36in. material; design B, 2 1/2 to 3 yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 376 — INFANT'S LAYETTE

Three-piece layette is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choices include white flannelette and anglophone in white, pastel pink, and pastel blue.
Size infant's: Price, anglophone frock 36/9, postage and registration 2/9 extra; nightgown 27/3, postage and registration 3/- extra; carrying coat 26/9, postage and registration 3/- extra; complete set 79/3, postage and registration 4/- extra.

Size infant's: Price, flannelette frock 15/6, postage and registration 2/9 extra; nightgown 17/9, postage and registration 3/- extra; carrying coat 16/9, postage and registration 3/- extra; complete set 49/3, postage and registration 4/- extra.

No. 377 — LUNCHEON SET

Pretty and unusual luncheon set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a rose motif. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 17 by 17in., plate-mat 11 by 11in., and cup-and-saucer mat 5 by 5in.

Price: Nine-piece set including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats 18/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Thirteen-piece set including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats 24/3. Postage and registration 3/9 extra. Serviettes to match 11 by 11in. 1/9 each. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 378 and 379 — SMALL BOY'S OR GIRL'S SUN-SUIT AND SUN-HAT

The suits, with matching sun-hats, are obtainable cut out ready to make in check cotton gingham. The color choice includes pink and white, blue and white, lemon and white, and brown and white.

Sizes: 1 year 14/3, 2 years 15/6, 3 years 16/3, 4 years 16/11, 5 years 17/9, and 6 years 18/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.



376



377



379



378



Headaches . . .

To-day you can get fast relief safely

Now, in 1956, there is no need to rely on old-type pain-relievers. You can buy one that is truly modern. It's "Disprin."

Disprin has the power to pass more quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream to relieve pain. Yet its pain-relieving action is actually safer.

How is this possible?

DISSOLVES . . . ACTS FAST
Disprin tablets dissolve quickly in water—to form a liquid.

This pain-relieving liquid will pass more rapidly into the bloodstream. So it acts fast.

SAFER

When you take Disprin, no irritating acid particles enter your stomach. This is why Disprin is safer.

EASY TO TAKE

You do not have to swallow down Disprin tablets; you can drink them. Take Disprin for headaches, colds, flu and rheumatic pains.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin.



DT/56

DISPRIN Regd.
dissolves pain
quickly and safely



IS
YOUR BABY
"difficult"
ABOUT
MILK?

Poor little chap! His digestion just wasn't strong enough to "take" milk. He's taking Benger's now. And he's thriving on it!

Benger's, you see, contains enzymes just like those which work baby's own digestion. When you add hot milk to Benger's, these enzymes go into action. They modify the milk so it can't form painful, indigestible curds in baby's stomach. And they convert the Benger's and the milk into nourishing, strengthening food. There's no strain on baby's digestion because his food is partly "pre-digested"!

You can vary the degree of "pre-digestion" according to baby's age. Easy-to-follow directions, covering every stage to weaning, are included in every tin of Benger's Food. Ask for a tin at your chemist's to-day!

If he won't take milk give him

Benger's

The entirely new and enlarged edition of "The Mother and Her Child," a complete 40-page compendium on mothercraft, will be supplied free to parents sending name and address to:



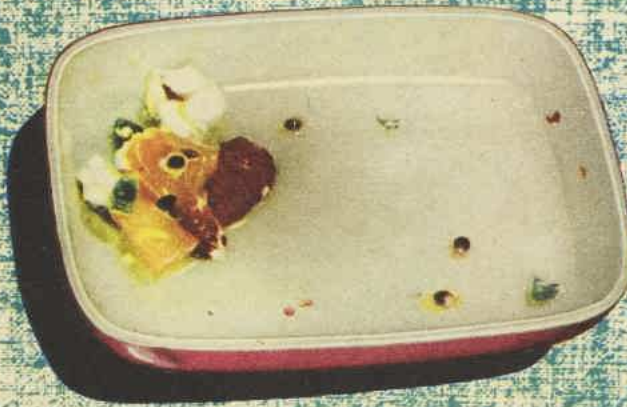
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The more



you have,



the more



you want!

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has a sister, the lovely Lenore, who is a famous explorer. While on safari in Africa, Lenore becomes curious about a mysterious mountain shrouded in mist. Her native bearers warn her against it. They say it is Witchmen's Peak and to look at it without its mists means blindness

—they do not even want to talk of it for fear of being struck dumb. Lenore writes to Mandrake telling him of the mountain and decides to discover more about it. At a trading post Lenore questions an old trader about Witchmen's Peak while a native hovers in the background. NOW READ ON:

IN AFRICA, MANDRAKE'S SISTER LENORE HEARS A STRANGE TALE.

WHY IS WITCHMEN'S PEAK SO TABOO THAT IT IS FORBIDDEN TO LOOK UPON IT—OR DISCUSS IT?

IT'S THE PLACE WHERE ALL JUNGLE WITCH DOCTORS ARE TRAINED IN BLACK MAGIC!

"IN EACH TRIBE, BRIGHT BOYS ARE SELECTED AT A TENDER AGE AND LED AWAY—THEY NEVER SEE THEIR PARENTS AGAIN—"

"THEY ARE LED THROUGH THE SMOKY CAVE—THE ONLY PATH TO WITCHMEN'S PEAK—AND ARE NOT SEEN AGAIN FOR YEARS! ONLY WITCHMEN KNOW WHAT IS BEYOND THE CAVE."

"AFTER YEARS OF TRAINING IN THEIR SECRET BLACK ARTS, THE CHILD RETURNS TO ANOTHER TRIBE—AS A WITCHMAN!"

"BEHIND EVERY THRONE STANDS A WITCHMAN—THE REAL POWER! THEIR RULE IS STRONG AND EVIL."

I HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT TO DO, CHIEF.

BUT THAT IS NOT FAIR!

"DOES NO ONE REVOLT AGAINST THEM?" ASKS LENORE.

"A CHIEFTAIN TRIED IT RECENTLY," REPLIES TRADER. "PUNISHMENT CAME SWIFTLY."

I AM CHIEF! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH. WE'LL SEE WHO RULES! TIE HIM TO A STAKE! FOOL!

TO BE CONTD.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By

YES, MY MOTHER MADE ME BREAK MY ENGAGEMENT WITH BILL!

OH, SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE INTERFERED. HE WAS SUCH A NICE BOY!

OH IT DOESN'T MATTER. I HAVE ANOTHER TWELVE TO PICK FROM!



LOOK SMARTER...
FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE...

Buy
Light Clothes
with
Gripper
FASTENERS

PLACE BUTTONS WITH
Grippers ON THE
CLOTHES YOU WEAR

Grippers ON
CLOTHES YOU MAKE

Grippers are the easy-working fasteners that add comfort to practically everything you wear. When buying shorts, trousers, denims, children's play clothes, snappy pants and wear too, make it a point to buy Grippers. For sewing buy a Gripper card and button both forever.



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CGP 141-5

TEENA *by Linda Terry*

THAT HUGH! HONESTLY!!! BOY, AM I GONNA TELL HIM A THING OR TWO!!

THAT'S THE THIRD TIME IN A ROW HE'S STOOD ME UP!!!

JUST WAIT'LL HE ASKS ME FOR ANOTHER DATE.

I'LL TELL HIM ALL RIGHT!

R-RING!

H'LO? HUGH? TONIGHT? VERY WELL--CALL FOR ME AT EIGHT.

DID YOU GO AND MAKE A DATE WITH HIM AFTER ALL?

I HAD TO...

THE THINGS I HAVE TO SAY TO HIM WILL TAKE ALL EVENING!

Fashion FROCKS • Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"MAY."—Smart summer one-piece dress designed with a bateau bow-tie neckline and full skirt. The material is cotton cambric printed with a cameo motif. The color choice includes mauve and white cameos on a blue ground; rose-pink and white cameos on a pink ground; and lemon and white cameos on a turquoise ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 75/6, 36 and 38in. bust 79/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 75/6, 36 and 38in. bust 79/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

"JEAN."—Chic waist-length jacket has short cuffed sleeves and a fringed collar. The material is white pique.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust 52/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust 52/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

"KIM."—Small girl's two-piece sun and play suit made in novelty printed cotton caesar—trimmed with a contrasting colored bind. The color choice includes lemon and green, red and green, lemon and red, and blue and lemon, all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 2 years 21/6, 3 years 23/9, 4 years 25/6, 5 years 27/9, 6 years 28/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 2 years 11/6, 3 years 13/3, 4 years 14/3, 5 years 15/3, 6 years 16/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are obtainable for only six weeks after publication.

Doctors prove
PALMOLIVE
can bring you
a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!

YOU, TOO, can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- ★ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ★ Less oiliness!
- ★ Added softness and smoothness!
- ★ Complexion clearer, more radiant!
- ★ Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads!

NOT JUST A PROMISE—BUT A PROVED PLAN

This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a day with the extra-mild pure lather of Palmolive—then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin. Use Palmolive... it's so mild—so gentle... that's why Palmolive is by far the largest selling toilet soap in Australia.

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ham,
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